## **CHAPTER 2**

I waited for half an hour before I realized that something was awfully wrong. Blake is very late, in fact, we would always argue about the fact that I was always the late one. He would always arrive a few minutes early for any event and I was seriously starting to worry.

I called him with the house line and the first time it went to voicemail but the second time, he picked up on the forth ring.

"Hey," I said as soon as the call had connected, "I just wanted to make sure that everything was okay because you're never late."

He muttered a small curse under his breath, "I'm sorry Amy; I won't be able to pick you up today. Something really important came up at the last minute."

"I-," I trailed off, "You could have called me Blake, I was waiting here for you."

"I'm really sorry Amy; I promise I will make it up to you." There was a voice in the background that he paused to respond to, "Look, I have to go; I'll see you when you get here."

"Okay, bye." I had barely finished what I was saying when he disconnected the call.

I tried to calm my heart and hide my hurt. Blake has never done anything like this to me before so I am sure that there is a very plausible explanation. He probably lost track of time and forgot that he had to pick me up.

I went back into my room and opened the old shoe box I had turned into my piggy bank and took out some of my savings for a taxi.

Our house was so far away from the main road that I had to walk for about another half an hour before I was able to find a single taxi. The driver's charge was outrageous but I knew it would probably take twice the time to find another one so I agreed.

When I got to the venue, the party was in full swing. It was holding in a huge event center that father had rented out. Brittany had been talking about how it just opened and she wanted to be the first person to host a party there.

It was a large three story building with pure white walls and large glass windows and doors. On the front porch was a large crystal chandelier and from the clothes the butlers wore. I

knew the entire place probably cost a fortune.

As I stepped out of the taxi, the smell of wine, sweat and a lot of perfume assaulted my nose. I paid the driver and made my way down the huge parking lot and into the front doors.

Most of the people I could see were friends of Brittany's. I don't have a lot of friends and Brittany wouldn't let me invite the few that I had because she said it would ruin her perfect image and father agreed.

As soon as the people noticed me, I saw them begin to whisper and I started to feel a little self conscious. I looked down at my faded gray gown to make sure it wasn't ripped anywhere but regardless, it looked cheap compared to the designer clothes that they people here were wearing.

"What the hell is that piece of rag?" a girl asked out loud and the entire party dissolved into a fit of laughter.

"It looks like she picked it out of a dumpster," another offered.

A guy walked up to me and he fisted the material between his thumb and pointer finger, "it even feels cheap too. I'm sure if I tugged a little then it would rip right off."

He pulled a little like he was going to rip it off and I gasped and pulled back in shock which made everyone laugh. I needed to get out of there immediately but they were all surrounding me.

"I can't believe you're even related to Brittany," the first girl spat, "I mean look at you. Do you even know what a gym is?"

"Please just let me leave," I pleaded and her face turned into a mock pout.

"She looks so cute when she begs," she laughed evilly and then in one quick move, she faked a fall and spilled her champagne all over the front of my dress. "Whoops; that was an accident."

The entire room dissolved into laughter and I pushed through the crowd to get into the bathroom. I tried my best to pat it down with water but it only made a bigger mess on the dress.

I knew I had to dry it out so I waited until the coast was clear and I snuck up the stairs to find a balcony or a porch. I finally found one on the second floor and rushed towards it when I saw that it was already occupied.

I quickly hid so that the occupants wouldn't see me. They were wrapped in each other's arms and passionately kissing so I'm sure they wouldn't have seen me either way. I was about to leave when they pulled apart and the moonlight illuminated their features. I had to slap a hand against my mouth to stop the gasp from spilling out.

It was Brittany and Blake.

The shock had me rooted to the spot as Brittany ran her hand across my boyfriend's cheek affectionately.

Is this what he meant when he told me that he was busy? He was here with my twin sister and they were making out. How could she do this to me and how could he do this to me?

"Didn't you like that Blake?" she asked and he nodded, "Well I'm tired of us having to do it in secret. It has been so long."

"I'm till with Amelia." He said and she made a deep sound of disgust at the back of her throat.

"Why are you even with her?" she spat, "She has no wolf and she is not even strong. If you mate with her, you will go lower in the pack hierarchy. Why don't you just leave her?"

"I can't just leave her Brittany; we've been together for a long time." They still hadn't realized I was watching.

Brittany sighed and kissed him again, deeper this time. His hands wrapped around her waist and she pulled back leaving him following her for more like a lost puppy. She stroked the back of his neck softly as he gazed deeply into her eyes.

"If you break up with her then you can be stronger Blake," she whispered, "If you mate with me instead then our union will be strong enough for you to be the future Alpha."

"What are you saying Brittany?"

"I'm saying we are two of the strongest wolves in the pack. Imagine what our union would do. All you have to do is reject her," hearing those words leave her mouth had me freezing in my tracks.

I carefully made my way further into the balcony and hid behind a pillar so she wouldn't see me. She had her hand on his shoulder and I could see him thinking about her offer.

"All you have to do is reject her," she repeated, "And you will have the position of the future Alpha."

I waited for him to tell her no, to tell her what he told me almost every day. I waited for him to tell her that he loved me and he was not going to let me go but instead, he was silent. I could see the way his brows furrowed and I knew that he was thinking about it.

The hurt rang deep and I turned around to leave but in a rush, I pushed over a potted plant and two pair of eyes came landing on me- one in surprise and one in victory.

## **Comments (2)**