CHAPTER 3

I was already caught so there was no use hiding anymore. I stepped out of the darkness and was fully able to take in the scene in front of me.

Brittany was in a dress the color of a sparkling emerald. It hugged her slim features and flowed down to the floor. From her makeup to her perfectly styled bun, she looked like a million bucks. Blake who was standing next to her looked equally good in a tuxedo and a matching tie. I wonder if they matched on purpose or if it was an accident.

"Amelia," Brittany said my name with no hint of remorse or surprise.

If I didn't know any better, I would honestly believe she orchestrated the entire thing for me to catch them but from the annoyed look on her face, it was obvious that she didn't expect me to walk in on their conversation.

this to me?"

"All is fair in love and war," she shrugged. "Besides, you know that everything I said

"How could you?" were the only words I could utter, "You are my sister. How could you do

was the truth. I want him and our union will do more good for him than yours will."

"Did you really have to go behind my back and do it on my birthday?" I turned to Blake,

Tears threatened to spill from my eyes and I angrily wiped them away. My hand came away black and I cursed myself for using Brittany's mascara in the first place.

"And you; you lied to me that you were busy and you were here making out with my sister."

Blake opened his mouth to speak but Brittany effectively stepped in his path blocking his view of me. She placed both her hands on his shoulders and forced him to stare into her

"You want me, just as much as I want you," she told him, "This is the only opportunity that you will get to do this. Reject her and we can be happy together."

"Please don't do this," I said as the first tear slipped free, "You're the best thing that has ever happened to me and you know it. You said you loved me, do you remember? Don't do this to us."

"You can be Alpha," Brittany whispered, "You can be powerful and no one will ever tell you what to do again. You will have everyone in this pack beneath your little finger and you will have everything that you want with a snap of your hands."

"Don't listen to her," it was almost comical how we were both trying to convince him,

"I love you Blake and that is enough for us both."

Blake slowly placed his hands over Brittany's that were resting on his shoulder and he pulled

them off. I let out a sigh of relief as I realized what he was doing. He was pushing her away, which meant that he was choosing me. He was choosing us and our love over her desperate attempt to sway him.

My relief however was short lived when I saw him pull Brittany to his side and slide his arm

over her waist.

"I'm sorry Amelia," he called me Amelia, not Amy, "But I'm going to have to end this."

"No," I shook my head in disbelief, "No, please tell me this is a joke."

"I have to reject you Amelia; I'm sorry." He at least had the decency to look guilty, "But I

am choosing Brittany."

I will never be able to translate the pain I felt into words. It felt like someone had just taken a

knife to the center of my heart and twisted it in then ripped it out. My legs gave way and I crumpled to the floor in a heap of tears.

Vibrations wracked through my body as the pain took control of me from the inside out. I

struggled to drag myself out of the balcony and away from them but I couldn't will my body

to move. Even breathing felt like a chore and I wanted everything to just end
Suddenly, I heard footsteps and I saw the shiny brogues that belonged to my father. I looked
up at him at the same time he stared down at me and his lips formed a distasteful sneer.

"Get off the floor Amelia; it is embarrassing," he looked up at Brittany and Blake, "What is going on?"

"Father, Blake and I are going to be together." I could hear the glee in Brittany's voice, "Aren't you happy for us?"

"I am darling," he smiled genuinely and I felt another wrack of pain go through me.

I must have blacked out briefly because the next thing I realized, I was in a pair of arms

hovering over the floor and for a second I thought it was my father holding me until I heard

Brittany's voice.

"I don't see why you have to carry her Blake," her voice held annoyance and disapproval,

"You are my mate now, do you realize how weird it looks for everyone to see you carrying my sister out of the party?"

"She passed out Brittany," his voice held patience as he spoke to her.

"Brittany is right," I heard my father say and the hurt I felt ran deeper, "It would look unseemly for you to be holding your ex so intimately."

happened and the pain that she just went through."

"I will never speak to her again if that is what you wish," Blake began, "But just allow me the decency of getting her back to safety and taking care of her. I feel guilty for what just

Brittany made a sound close to a scoff and I peeled open my eyes a little to see her looking at my father and silently pleading with him to take her side. I expected him to but then he looked at Blake and sighed.

Blake nodded, "Yes sir."

"This will be the last time you come in contact with her," he warned, "Once she is fine; you

Without another word, Brittany and my father stood to their feet and that was when I realized that we were inside my house. We were inside my bedroom to be exact. I can't remember the last time my father was in here and I surely didn't think that this would be the

you again."

are never to interact with her again."

circumstances under which Blake would come in here for the first time.

I waited until I heard the door click shut, signifying the exit of my father and sister before I spoke.

"Amelia,"

"Put me down," I was surprised that my voice came out stable considering how bunched up and how much pain I was in on my inside, "Put me down and get out. I never want to see

"Let go of me," I whispered and that was when Blake realized that I was awake.

He sighed and gently placed me down on the bed, "Amelia, I need you to listen to me."
"You betrayed me Blake; you betrayed us," I sat up so I was looking directly into his guilt stricken eyes, "over the promise of being Alpha."

"No you don't understand!" I all but yelled, "I would have never done that to you, ever. I

"You don't have a wolf Amelia," he yelled, "I couldn't be with you."

was ready to spend the rest of my life with you."

"You don't understand-,"

I swallowed down the hurt I felt at his words and suddenly the last few months felt like a big

joke. There I was trying to be perfect for him and this is what he has to say about it.

"Get out," I managed out and he opened his mouth to speak but I cut him off, "Get out, Blake."

He sighed and without another word, he turned on his heels and left the room.

Comments (2)