CHAPTER 5

AMELIA' S P.O.V

I woke up with a pounding headache. I looked down and realized that I was still in my dress from the party and that was when the memories slammed into me at full force. I forced back the tears that had gathered in my eyes and cursed when a stray one fell and I had to wipe it away.

I am used to having horrible birthdays. One time, my father forgot me at home and took Brittany out for ice cream and cupcakes. When he returned and saw me, he dismissed me without apologizing and I cried for a week after that.

This birthday however trumps all the bad memories and the bad birthdays. I knew Brittany didn't like me so much but I would never have imagined that she would do something like this and take my boyfriend from me. And Blake- I thought he loved me and I was so sure that he would fight for me.

Thinking about him brought another fresh wave of tears and even though I tried to fight them, they still fell. I was wiping away my tears when my door opened in a rush and Blake creeped into my room.

As I looked at him, I remembered why I fell for him in the first place. With his curly brown hair and his innocent eyes, his lean arms that used to hold me close and his lips that used to whisper words of encouragement in my ears. He looked a little scared and confused but most of all he looked determined.

"Please leave Blake," I found my voice although it was shaky, "I don't want to see you and I don't want to talk to you."

"I know that but you have to listen to me."

"I don't have to. I want you to leave. Besides, shouldn't you be with your new mate."

"For fuck's sake Amelia," the harshness of his voice had me stopping mid rant, "This is important and I really need to talk to you about it."

I swallowed deeply, "What is it?"

He poked his head out of the door as if he was checking to make sure that no one was there. When he was satisfied, he made his way over to my bed and leaned down so his lips were by my ears.

"I don't want anyone overhearing us," he explained, "I know that what I did today was horrible."

"Blake-," I began but he cut me off.

"Let me finish please." He cleared his throat before continuing, "I also know that I am the last person that you want to hear from but I need you to listen to me. You aren't safe here and I cannot tell you more than that but you need to leave."

"I can't leave Blake. This is my home and my family. I have nowhere else to go." I didn't realize I had started raising my voice until he slapped his hand over my mouth to keep me quiet.

"I know you don't trust me anymore but trust that I have your best interests at heart. You need to leave."

Footsteps interrupted us and he flew from my bedside and leaned against the wall. By the time my father and sister opened the door, it was as if he was never by my side in the first place. He looked at them and walked out of the room.

I would have thought the last few minutes were an illusion if not for the pleading look he shot me before he exited the room. Brittany gave me a victorious smile before exiting the room after him.

"You are awake," father's voice was devoid of emotion, "You disgraced us out there. What were you thinking, falling on the floor and crying like a child over a boy?"

"Why don't you love me father?"

I wasn't sure if he was more shocked by my question or by the fact that I answered his own question with a question. He looked at me with a quizzical expression before he finally schooled it back into neutral.

"What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about," my voice cracked on the last word, "Why don't you love me the way you love Brittany? Did I do something wrong? If I did then I am so sorry but all I want is for you to love me."

He let out a deep exhale, "Amelia you are upset and that is why you are saying all of this. The Blake boy is not worth your tears."

"I loved him father and Brittany took him from me."

"Listen, I cannot interfere in matters of the heart but I know this is hard for you and that is why I am here to give you an option." I sat up higher, suddenly curious as to what he was about to say, "I have spoken to a neighboring pack of ours and they are willing to accept you there for college."

"You want to send me away,"

"No, but I don't want to watch you hurting." He placed a hand on my head and I wondered when last I had seen him do that, "You can leave tonight. I will even help you

pack."

I thought about his offer. I have never left this pack before, in fact, I haven't even finished exploring this pack. It has been my home since I was born and leaving it sounds scary. But it also sounds better than having to show my face around daily while people talk about how Blake left me for my sister. Distance might also be a good thing because it might help me get over Blake and Brittany's betrayal.

I looked up at my father who was staring down at me waiting for my response and I nodded. His face broke out into a smile and he helped me out of my bed and helped me pack all my things into a bag.

When we were done, he gave me a soft smile and led me to his study where he kept his car keys. He took down the key for his black SUV and handed it to me. I was shocked by his actions. I learnt to drive a while back but he has always been adamant that I never touch his cars.

"Thank you," I pulled him into a hug, "Thank you so much."

"You should leave before Brittany returns." He gave me an envelope that contained some money, "This should help you on your journey."

I gave him one last squeeze before dragging my bag out of the house and shoving it into the backseat of the car. I saw him standing on the porch watching me and I gave him a small wave before I put the car into drive and started off to the next pack.

THIRD PERSON P.O.V

Once Amelia was out of sight, Gregory went back into the house and waited the few minutes he knew it would take her to reach the pack border before dialing the number of his beta who picked up immediately.

"Amelia ran away. She stole my car and the money that we kept aside for the renovations," Gregory said to his beta, "As of this moment, she is now a rogue and is to be treated as such."

"I will let the border patrol know." His beta said and effectively hung up the call.

Gregory turned the phone around in his hands and the ghost of a smile grew on his lips. He knew that because Amelia's wolf was subdued then she wouldn't feel the effect of being a rogue but other wolves would and the neighboring pack would kill her before she was able to explain.

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