

Chapter 25

Ryan's P.O.V

I was sitting in my bedroom in the dark, doing nothing but crying as memories of my mom flashed through my head, making even more tears slip out my eyes. I knew wallowing in self-pity wouldn't do much, however it was all I could do. At least I was man enough to admit that I was crying over my mother.

It had been a month since she...and since then Sophia had been visiting me every day to see how I was coping. Behind her brave face and fake smiles, I could see her pain, but she had to pull herself together since she had twins to look after. Chase had been there with her every step of the way and I was very surprised when she finally admitted that they were mates and the twins were his. So, I wasn't delusional when I thought that they- especially Kayden- resembled him.

Yeah, Chase didn't go home looking as healthy as he did when he came here. He was sporting a broken nose and a black eye when he was leaving. I knew I could potentially get kicked out of the pack, Beta or not, but Chase knew he deserved a good beating from me anyways, so he didn't even attempt to fight back and only accepted the two punches. Unfortunately, I had only managed to land two punches before Sophia threatened to castrate me if I didn't stop. I assumed he was in her good books now since she protected him and Chase not fighting back proved that he was sorry and regretful and that he truly did love her. I was

happy for her as long as she remained happy. I swear to God if Chase hurt my little sister at all though, I would personally beat the living shit out of him, Alpha or not.

Meanwhile I missed my mate, Becca, my beautiful mate and the love of my life. She still hadn't come to see me since Mom's funeral, which she had attended. She looked weak with her pale skin- which was missing its glow- and the dark circle beneath her eyes, which showed her lack of sleep. She looked a lot skinner as well, which showed that she hadn't been eating properly. It had been painful without her and I knew she was feeling the same way judging by her appearance. That wasn't unexpected though since mates couples can't stay away for too long without feeling pain- both physical and emotional pain. It was evident that she was suffering as much as I was.

At night, I would find myself tossing around in the bed, not being able to sleep. During the day, I would think about her beautiful eyes or all the happy moment I'd ever had with her while Chase discussed issues about the rogues. Rogues.

They were another problem to add my already very long list. They had been a problem for several weeks, which was why Chase and I had to attend a very important meeting a month ago when Mom had called me, demanding that I came home immediately. It's hard to think at it: a month ago Mom was with us and now, she isn't.

The pack don't know about the rogues since they were last sighted heading the opposite direction to us and we didn't want the pack to be scared over futile things, however we still couldn't take any risks when it comes to the pack. I swore an oath to keep the pack safe- even if this meant losing my life- and I wasn't to break that oath anytime soon. Because then, the risk of losing Becca would be too high and I would never put her life at stake, ever.

She is my world, and has been since I first laid eyes on her in a nightclub, where she looked extremely uncomfortable while I was getting drunk because I was still blaming myself for Sophia running away. I guessed that she wasn't a party person at all, and at a later date she did reveal to me that she was forced to go to the club because it was her elder sister's birthday, who was the complete opposite to her, being a party animal and kindly putting it, a slut. But Becca did have a feisty side to her that turned me on all the time. Thankfully, Becca wasn't anything like her sister or God knows how many boys would've been injured. But Becca would rather stay in and watch a movie or read a book with a cup of hot chocolate. Yeah, she was addicted to hot chocolate and I was addicted to licking off the hot chocolate moustache she got on top of her lip every time she sipped her hot chocolate.

She was normally the cool and collected type with a gentle and kind heart, so honestly, I would say that I was totally stunned when she basically broke up with me until Sophia had forgiven me. Becca could be the jealous type sometimes- which I had to admit was so hot, but most of the time wore her golden heart on her sleeve. She was extremely forgiving- yeah, she had forgiven me for my previous trysts so honestly, I didn't expect her outburst. It was definitely shocking.

I had barely spoken to her, no, she had barely spoken to me, whereas I tried at every chance I got. Every time I saw her in the pack house, I would try to talk to her, yet every time she turned away but not before I saw those unshed tears in her eyes. It was hurting her as much as it was hurting me.

I laid on the bed, thinking of her beautiful silky brown hair and chocolate brown eyes which always held that warmth and that love for me. Her slender yet curvy body which seemed to fit perfectly beside me, her-

The door slammed open and stomped in Becca. No, I was dreaming. I was sure I was dreaming. Becca hated me, and as much as it pained me to say that, I knew it was true.

"Ryan f*****g Campbell! Get your hot a*s up and have a freaking shower. You're stinking up the whole room, dude," my angel's voice said.

With wide eyes, I stared at the figure of my beautiful Becca. This was a dream- now I was completely sure of it.

"Oh, my baby, I missed you so much!" I cried, walking up to her to give her a hug.

"Eww, no Ryan! You're not touching me until you have a shower and smell better!"

Quickly running into the adjoining bathroom, I took a shower, now feeling much more relaxed and refreshed. I missed having showers. Shaving off the thick beard and moustache, I realized how much better I looked already after catching one glimpse of Becca- even if it was just in my dreams. After wrapping a fluffy white towel around my waist, I rapidly left the bathroom and entered the bedroom, hoping that she hadn't had left me.

"I missed you so much Becca," I whispered, grabbing her to my chest in a hug as quickly as possible.

"I missed you too Ryan," she whispered before she pulled away and looked me straight in the eyes.

I quickly began kissing along her jaw and her neck before sucking on her mark. "W-what are you doing?" she groaned, letting her fingers run free in my hair.

"I want to savor every moment with you until I wake up him this dream," I whispered huskily against her mark, causing her to shiver in delight.

"But this isn't a dream, Ryan. I really am here with you," she insisted.

"You can't not be. Becca hates me. She hates me so much," I finally said, pulling away.

"I finally realized what a good guy you are Ryan. Sophia came up to me and talked some sense into me. She forgave you a long time ago because she knew you had a real good heart and you were influenced by others. You were stupid. And although you did do wrong, you accepted it and you reformed and repented. You suffered Ryan and you still are right now for the mistakes that you made in the past. And as a human- well werewolf-being, you deserve a second chance and that's what I'm giving you right now. You were young and foolish but I can see that you love Sophia a lot. But Ryan, I swear to God, if you ever and I mean EVER hide anything from me, I'll chop off your balls and sew them onto your forehead. Are we clear here?" she asked with amusement gleaming in her eyes, probably because of that horrified expression on my face.

I don't know why I didn't tell Becca about Sophia. Maybe because I was ashamed of myself for my past deeds, maybe because I couldn't bear to tell her how bad of a person I truly was. I don't know, but now, what I do know is that I regret not telling her. With every fiber of my body.

"Y-yes," I choked.

"I'm glad we've cleared that out."

"Me too baby, me too. I've missed you so damn much and not seeing you, talking to you or kissing those soft pink lips of yours. I've missed it too much; don't you ever leave me like that again!"

"Nope, you're stuck with me for the rest of our lives," she grinned, showing a row of perfectly straight white teeth.

"Good," I whispered before planting my lips onto hers. I groaned; I missed her lips so much. Without any hesitation, our lips met. Her soft, yet firm lips melted perfectly over mine. Her lips moved softly, sending

those familiar sparks I got every time we kissed. Her arms snaked around mine as I gripped her waist firmly, though not hard enough to hurt her. The taste of her lips was mesmerizing: sweet with a hint of mango. Delicious. They moved in perfect rhythm though neither of us deepened the kiss.

We pulled away, but still rested our forehead against each other's. "I missed you Ryan," she whispered before kissing my lips so lightly that I could barely feel those tingles.

"God, I love you, Rebecca. I love you so freaking much," I groaned against her lips.

"It's a good thing the feelings are mutual then, huh?" she grinned. Just as I was about to plant my lips onto hers once again, she pulled away with a mischievous smile, "Nu-uh big boy. First, you're going to get dressed and call your sister up and spend some quality brotherly time with her. And don't you dare start mourning about your mom again, because how do you think she would feel if she could see you, her strong-willed son, right now, crying over her? She'd be disappointed, so get yourself together Ryan Liam Campbell and go spend some quality time with your baby sister who truly cares about you and has been trying to be strong for you and your dad and her twins. Be the good brother that you are, you jackass!"

I stared at her, stunned. She is so freaking hot. "I love you so much Rebecca Hailey Barrett. I wouldn't know what I would've done without you." It was true. I wouldn't know what to have done without her. She eased the pain for me when Sophia wasn't here. She pulled me from those pits of darkness I was in. And she made me happy every single day.

"I love you too baby, now hurry up and get going so you can come home earlier...by the way, I have a surprise for you," she whispered the last part seductively in my ear, making me groan. It took the last bit of will I

had in me not to take her there. "You're killing me," I called out as she left the room, with my eyes stuck on her sexy a*s.

Hearing her chuckle, I smiled and walked to my closet, picking out a random pair of jeans and a top before getting dressed. I quickly grabbed my phone, calling Sophia.

"Hey, Ry. What's up?" she answered after three rings.

"Er, I was wondering, but you don't have to so don't feel obligated to do it and like you ha-"

"Just spit it out Ryan."

"Are you free? I was wondering if I can spend a little bit of time with you?"

"Uh, yeah. Sure. When?"

"In about thirty minutes. Is that okay?"

"Yeah, that's cool. I'll see you soon then."

"Yeah, see you soon," I said before hanging up the call, but not before I heard her shout at Chase, telling him to clean up his mess in the kitchen, which made me laugh. That guy was whipped!

After taking everything, I needed, I made my way towards, pecking Becca on the lips before leaving home. I was taking Sophia to an indoor race track because ever since she was young, she's always loved cars and racing especially. When we were younger, and before I became obsessed with image, I used to play around with her a lot. We used to build cars together and she literally would know everything about the latest cars out. Her room would be decorated with car and that's all she ever played with, so I knew she would love this.

She had a real passion for it.

Beeping my horns twice, Sophia came out looking as composed and relaxed as usual but instead of the blank expression she always wore on her face, she had a small, but genuine smile on her face. Her face was glowing and her eyes were gleaming. "Are you ready?" I asked as she fastened her seat belt.

"Yeah!" she grinned.

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"You totally cheated!" I shouted as she laughed at me.

"Just because you can't accept that I'm better than you doesn't mean that I cheated. I'm better, Ry, just accept it!" she teased, poking my side. "Don't be such a sore loser."

"No. I refuse to believe that you won. You totally cheated!" I said once again.

"No, I didn't and you know that."

"Yes, you did, you know that," I said, ruffling her hair. Oh Lord, if looks could kill.

"Not the hair," she enunciated every word with a glare of hers.

"And if I touch the hair?" I teased.

"Then you're going down!"

"Ha! You can't touch me," I mocked her.

"You wanna bet?"

"You're too easy. You can't hurt me! You're a little girl compared to me."

Maybe I shouldn't have said that because before I even realized it, she had wrestled me to the ground, like she used when we were younger, and was throwing light punches at me. "Get off me!" I demanded.

"Say that I didn't cheat first and that I'm a better driver than you, and that I'm stronger than you!"

"Never in a million years," I grinned, trying to roll her over. We tried to both pin each on the floor when she grabbed my hair and started tugging it.

"Ouch!" I whined.

"I'm not letting go until you say that I didn't cheat and that I'm a better driver than you and that I'm way stronger." She tugged my hair a little harder just to prove her point. Knowing that I couldn't win against her, I finally gave in, "Fine! You're stronger and you're a better driver and you didn't cheat."

"Aw, thank you Ryan. That was awfully kind of you," she grinned her evil smile before standing up and pretending to dust her denim shorts.

"Bitch," I muttered.

"A*****e."

"Whatever," I flipped her off.

"Look what you've done. You've created a scene!" she shouted, pointing to all the younger kids staring at us with wide eyes while their parents glared at us with distaste.

We were currently in a playground park near the swings. I brought Sophia here after racing- which unfortunately, she had won every race of- because I felt like we'd missed a lot of our childhood and we deserved to be a child again. Today has truly been amazing, and I'd learnt so much about Sophia and what I had missed of her and the twins' life. Her life has definitely been like a roller coaster.

"Don't act like you didn't do anything either," I said.

"What did I do? Hey, I'm the innocent one!"

"Yeah, right," I scoffed, "You're anything but innocent."

"Whatever."

After sitting down on the swings, just watching the scenery for a bit, I finally broke the silence. "Thank you."

Looking at me with a confused expression, she asked, "What for?"

"For talking to Rebecca and accepting me as your brother," I responded.

"She loves you Ryan and I know that you love her as well. And I wouldn't have known about what happened if I hadn't overheard her conversation with her sister at the pack house. Why didn't you tell her, you a*s? I never wanted to get in between you and her... ever. I know the pain of living without your mate; I know exactly what you went through. And I had forgiven you Ryan, because I know you're a good person and you did what you did for image. Everyone deserves a second chance and I know you regret it. You're a good person, I know that. And you two are amazing together."

"You're so strong Sophia. I love you baby sis," I whispered, giving her a hug.

"I love you too big bro."