Death of a good friend

THE ALPHA SOULMATE

PART TWO

(The Alpha's Mate and his Mistress)

EPISODE TWENTY-TWO

THEME: Death of a good friend

(Avery's Point Of View)

I believed the news that Freddie was indeed dead which caused me to cry out in agony.

"Freddie!" I recalled how he had tried to convince Kayden last night.

Guilt crept up in my heart, eating deep into my soul and all I could think of was blaming myself for his death.

I shouldn't have agreed to let him meet Kayden. Maybe if I had let him leave early before Kayden came in then Freddie would still be very much alive. Maybe I should have forced him to leave before he tried to convince Kayden that I wasn't cheating. Maybe I should have stopped Kayden and made him hit me more in place of beating up Freddie.

Too many maybes and ways to have prevented Freddie from dying crashed my mind as memories of the time spent with Freddie played in my mind.

"I killed..Freddie." I walked to the dressing table.

I saw my reflection in the mirror. Messed up hair, swollen face from

shedding too much tears, purple colored bruise by the side of my jaw, palm print on one of my cheeks and a bursted lips. My mate had inflicted this abuse on me and now the pain of Freddie's death.

A knock came on the door. "Avery, are you okay?" I heard his voice but I was irritated.

I was trying so hard not to hate him and I was quick to accept the fact that my mate and I killed Freddie. What if the injury on his head that he sustained last night had made him dizzy while driving which had caused him to miss his balance with the wheels and he ended up running into an oncoming truck? I should have stopped him.

"Avery..please open up the door." Kayden knocked again.

Am I this weak to have let my mate bring me so much pain? I should have fought back right? Why do I need to swear to the moon goddess just for my mate to believe me? I thought we trusted each other and we were bonded by true love. I tried to think about what might have gone wrong in my relationship with my mate but I couldn't find anything. We have been doing fine for years now.

I realized that the problem wasn't from me but Kayden. His jealousy and insecurities has destroyed a lot of things and has even killed someone in the process. So why do I have to be the one to take all the blame when I was only trying to protect our identities as wolves? Why do I need to make my relationship known to a human when I have been recognized as a Luna of a great pack. Knowing that I have never done anything wrong so far and even from the beginning infuriated me!

What's wrong in wanting to achieve my dreams? What's wrong in getting a degree as a wolf? What's wrong in waiting a little more time before I get married?! I see nothing wrong in having a desire! The wolf

system of this era is just fucked up and so old fashioned!

I threw my phone against the wall and let my anger get the best of me! I don't give a damn if I was in the another world far away from home. My wolf awakened, feeling furious and I could feel her trying to come out into the open right in the room. I couldn't fight for control because I know we don't deserve this pain.

I picked up the golf stick nearby and broke the dressing mirror, the shattered glasses flew through the air and I felt blood ticking down my cheeks when a piece sliced through my skin. I could feel fur replacing my delicate skin but I didn't want to shift completely. My wolf was angry and it craved to destroy everything.

I broke more art works, bed side lamb, glass frames of me and my mate and I destroyed the dressing table completely. I heard Kayden banging on the door and calling out my name to open the door by ignored him.

The last time my wolf acted this way was when a wolf bully in our pack tried to steal my lunch. The big wolf had threatened to beat me up but I warned her to stay away from me. She mocked me for being a book worm instead of paying attention to the affairs of the pack. I might not be the next in line to be the alpha of our pack but I have the blood of an alpha running through my views which makes me proud and powerful. If I had paid attention to training as a full time warrior I would be able to fight off any wolf without an alpha lineage. I had let my wolf take control and we beat up the big bully wolf and she ended up in the infirmary. She spent about two months in the infirmary trying to heal from a broken bone and broken ribs. I was punished for almost killing another wolf but I was also happy that I had defended myself. The big bully wolf became a gentle wolf till she relocated to another pack with her family after some years.