

Chapter 21 Broken Promises

Kelsey

One minute I’m running away from him and the next his hand is grasping for mine. It’s like he had flipped a switch from douchebag Alpha to the prince charming that only existed in my dreams. I fought hard, grasping for any common sense I had left. Memories of the pain I had grown to live with flooded my mind from the day that he broke my heart, shattered my trust, and left me all alone.

Where was he all those nights that I cried out to the Moon Goddess, desperate to end this pain? I wanted to lash out and tell him to back off but I couldn’t force the words out, instead, I found my body heated and excited. A rush of adrenaline blazed through me at the thought that I was doing something so very wrong. His scent was more potent than ever and I clenched my thighs together feeling my panties become damp and making me quiver.

He parked his precious mustang on the side of the road, his most prized possession. I wasn’t sure if there was anything Alpha Blake loved more than that yellow bumblebee he called a car. I rushed to open the car door, there was no way I was going to let myself get all giddy over him just because he opened my car door. This was typical Playboy handbook stuff.

I was confused why we were pulled over on the side of a dirt road, what was he so eager to show me? My wolf purred when he reached for my hand, his touch sprawling fireworks within me. It all felt so right when my mind conflicted with me, reminding me that it was so wrong. He led me into the tree line, my wolf vision sharpening and adjusting to the dark forest. Trees encompassed us from all sides, and only small rays of moonlight strung through the trees.

That’s when I saw it. Familiarity flooded over me. Memories resurfacing. Pain sprawled through my body. Instantly I regretted agreeing to come, my emotions now tangled within each other. A small tree stood amongst the others, its once weak branches were now strong as it stood tall in the forest. I rushed over, my fingertips grazing against the rough bark. My memories flood over to images of… her.

Delia was her name. She was a pup, barely reaching the age of seven before her life was taken tragically at the hands of a power hungry Alpha named Alpha Jakob of Silver Shadow Pack. Delia was my older sister. While I had never known her, her death left a deep scar on my family. I could see the pain scorched in my parents’ eyes when the anniversary of her death would roll around every year. Her death was mourned by the entire pack, it was an unnecessary death. Silver Shadow Pack and Crimson Pack had been rivals for centuries and after the death of Delia, Alpha Max had struck some sort of deal with Alpha Jakob ensuring that such tragedy would never take place again.

While I had never met Delia, the pain resided nonetheless. I was robbed of an older sister whom I never knew. Another piece of my heart missing. On one particular anniversary of her death, the pack had gathered in the town square in remembrance of the young pup they had lost long ago. Unable to handle the anger I felt tangled with the glances of pity, I shifted into my wolf and eloped into the forest until I finally collapsed here, beside this tree. Blake had seemed to be the only one who had noticed me missing, finding me a few hours later crouched down in a fetal position beside the tree. Blake had spent hours consoling me, promising me that he would always protect me. Like many wolves in the pack, we were all terrified that it could be us tomorrow, just like it had been her yesterday.

She was a young pup at the wrong place at the wrong time. He etched Blake + Kelsey on the trunk of the tree with a stone with a heart encircling it. I had never felt safer, or more cared for in my entire life.

After that day, Blake and I began spending more time together, unable to rip from each other’s sides. He became my safety net of sorts, pulling through on his promise to always be there to protect me. Then, I fell in love with him, he broke my heart along with his promise, and well, the rest is ancient history.

I glanced over to Alpha Blake, his large frame was pushed against a nearby tree watching me intently as he searched my face for any trace of emotion. A part of me couldn’t believe that he remembered that day, another part made me wonder how he knew I would still remember it. I stepped over to the other side of the tree trunk, I felt my eyes light up when I saw the markings were still there; unwithered by the elements like the marking had just been etched into the trunk of the tree recently. I couldn’t stop my lips from tugging into a smile, recalling how sincere his words sounded and how safe I felt in his arms from that moment forward. Feeling a pull, I let my fingers softly trace each letter that forever sat on the tree.

I bit my bottom lip, my eyes slowly lifting from the marking on the rough bark to meet the intense glare of his crystal blue eyes. “Ah, thanks for bringing me here,” I said softly trying to keep my voice from cracking, “I almost forgot about this place.”

He stalked over towards me, his eyes encompassing small specs of silver. I could feel his body heat against my back as he stood behind me staring at the same etching that I couldn’t stop grazing with my fingertips. “Do you remember the promise I made that day?” he whispered against my ear, caressing the side of my neck. My wolf was purring at his smooth touch against my skin, my body begging for more. Unable to spit a word out, I pressed my lips together and nodded.

He stood there for a moment too long, my skin sparking at every soft touch of his fingertips. A shiver ran down my spine feeling his body pressed into mine, so close yet not close enough. Whether I wanted to accept it or not, I was slowly giving into my mate. I was playing with fire, knowing ultimately who would be burned at the end. I swallowed hard, mustering whatever strength I had left, and stepped away, not daring to look back at Alpha Blake.

“Uhm, we should go back. It’s late,” I spewed out as I kept walking away from him. I maintained a steady pace, desperate to keep him at arm’s reach at all costs. I felt like I was nearly jogging out of the forest, his long strides making it difficult to escape him. I could feel his gaze focused on me but I continued to rush forward and out of the tree line until I saw that yellow bumblebee of a sports car of his.

This thing, whatever it is that’s going on between us is going to break us both, that I knew. The question was how much harder could we fight it?