

Chapter Two: You Have To Come Home Part One

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Phera POV:

"You got this, P, kick that douchebag's ass," I heard my friend Cindy shout from outside the ring as I wiped the blood droplet that trickled down my lip, where that asshole Steve had just punched me.

Wanting to be done with this ght. I charged toward Steve, going left and turning right at the last moment, ducking down and kicking him off his feet. He lands on his back with a thud as I straddle him and hold his neck in a chokehold, cutting off his air supply. He moves his arms and legs like a sh out of water, but my grip doesn't budge from his neck, keeping him in a tight hold just like the coach had taught me. After a few more seconds, I see him turn a little blue, but he refuses to tap out. I lean down and whisper in his ear.

"Come on, Stevey boy, you don't want all your conquests seeing you pass out on me, do you?" I said.

I thought that would trigger him since male wolves and their ego were too big for me to comprehend at times, but he didn't relent, applying a little more pressure which had him spluttering. After relentlessly trying to get out of my hold, a few seconds later, he gave up and tapped out, letting go of his neck insistently when the coach announced me as the winner—I jolted both arms in the air as my fellow students cheered for me. Looking down, I see a pissed-off Steve that has me chuckling. Lending him one of my hands to get up, he grabs it and gets on his feet. Not a second later, he punches my arm playfully and drapes it around my shoulder.

"I let you win, shorty." Said, Steve

I gave him an eye roll as we made our way out of the ring.

"Oh, I'm so sure you did," I said, elbowing him in the stomach.

"Hey! I'm serious; I didn't want to break your record. Take it as pity." Said Steve, which had me laugh and shake my head at the douchebag of a friend of mine.

It had been eight years since that dreadful day. Eight years of growth and wall building around my heart to help me reach where I am now: number one at the Wolf Academy For The Elite. After the triplets and Newmara had cold-heartedly broken my heart that night, I promised myself to go far away where they wouldn't be able to hurt me again. After a night of crying and begging my parents, they had agreed to send me to earth to nish my high school at the academy, to which the triplets happily signed off on. Not once did they try to reach out in these eight years, and not once did Newmara apologize to me for that night. She acted as if everything was ne and dandy and that she hadn't broken her baby sister's heart into a million pieces. It's been eight long years since I've seen the pack. I refuse to go back, to return to the place where only bad memories shadow the good ones. Even though I miss my parents, Nate and my best friends: Betty and Reese, I still haven't returned. They usually come down during the holidays to meet me. Newmara had tagged along repeatedly, but I've kept my distance, the bond we once shared long gone. I put up with her since she's my older sister, and mom and dad had taught me better than to be petty unlike some.

After nishing high school at eighteen, my parents wanted me to come back and look for my mate since I hadn't found him in the academy. Still, I refused because, deep down, I had a feeling I knew who my mates were, but the fear of it being true kept me here in California, away from the wolf multiverse, away from the dreaded Red Moon Pack and away from my possible mates. Not wanting to return, I enrolled in the academy's undergraduate dual warrior and accounting program, telling my parents that I liked my life here and would only be held back in the pack. Even though my parents never mentioned why I started hating the pack and avoiding my sister and the triplets, I knew they knew why. However, as long as they didn't mention it, I was ne and dandy with not mentioning it either. Why bring up s**t memories when I was making great ones here?

However, I had a feeling my happiness was going to be short-lived. I was supposed to graduate from my program in a week's time, and by the rules of the pack, if I didn't land a job in a wolf-owned company, I was expected to return to the pack. Even though my credentials were terric, and I was at the top of my class for both warrior training and my accounting degree, I still feared for my future. There was always this what if in the back of my mind. Returning to Red Moon was a big no-no for me. I was broken out of my thoughts when I felt a pair of muscular arms encompass my waist and the scent of freshly cut grass invade my senses. I didn't need to turn around to know it was Josh, my boyfriend.

"Hi, beautiful." He whispered in my ear, pecking my cheek and turning me around, pulling me out of Steve's arms and pulling me in his. I smiled and kissed his cheek.

"She got you, good bro." Said Josh to his twin Steve.

"Hey, I couldn't be going and hurting my future sister-in-law," Steve replied.

That had Josh chuckle but me stiffen at the relationship suggestions.

Over the years, I had dated a number of guys. However, most, if not all, only lasted two weeks. The feeling of being touched by anyone other than the triplets repulsed me, which usually ended up with me breaking up with them. I even felt guilty, to get the triplets off my mind, I used to distract myself with other guys in hope of just getting some sort of peace of mind that didn't involve those three. It always made me think about how was I any better than the triplets now, they rotated girls like a chicken on rotisserie. But, with Josh, it was different. We became fast friends on the rst day of classes and, eventually, best friends. Fast forward seven and half years later, he nally asked me out, and I agreed. Josh wasn't like the other guys I used to be with. He was caring and considerate. Even though he desired to take our relationship to the next level, he never pushed past kissing, seeing that I wasn't ready, which in all honesty, I wasn't sure I would ever be ready. The thought of sleeping with anyone other than the triplets felt like I was betraying them which was crap because they had no issues diving tongue deep into my sister.

Feeling me stiffen in his arms, Josh looked towards me. Silently asking me if I was okay, and I just nodded. Even though I knew he didn't believe it, but he let it go. That's what I loved about him the most. He wasn't pushy, and there was always this sense of understanding between us, when to and when not to push each other.

Before Josh could get another word out, I felt my phone vibrate in my back pocket. Grabbing it, I saw mom was facetiming me. I smiled at Josh and told him I would be right back as I made my way to the tree line. Picking up her call on the last ring before it could hang up, I was graced with both mom and dad's smiling faces.

Gosh, how I missed them.

"Hello, darling! Did we catch you at a bad time?" Asked dad,

Even though they were smiling, they seemed a bit nervous.

"No, no! I just got done with warrior training. What's up?" I said, taking a seat under my favourite maple tree.

I saw them glance at one another, then at someone that was probably standing in front of them, and then looking back at me with a hopeful look.

"Sweetie, there's no easier way to say this, but you have to come home, and you have to return tonight."

That was all mom said to have me take in a sharp breath and stiffen on my spot.