

Chapter 5

It had been one week since I started to avoid Ethan.

That day, I did not reply to his brother, Ryan. He said I was in love with Ethan. I was surprised at first, but then I realized he could read my eyes when I was looking at his brother.

After that day, he did not come to bother me again.

He became very popular in our school. As Teresa said, he did not date. I only saw him with different girls each time.

Ethan also looked strange whenever he was around me. I did not know why. Since I was avoiding him, I should not think about it either.

"My honey's birthday is tomorrow. I am so excited."

I heard Teresa cheer up about my birthday.

It was going to be my eighteenth birthday. I somehow felt nervous. It was the time when werewolves found their mates. If before that someone marked me, I could be his mate. But I had not mated with someone yet, so I would get someone as my mate.

"What are you thinking?" Teresa patted my shoulder.

I shook my head. "Nothing."

"Are you still thinking about Ethan?"

I sighed. I was not, but at the same time, yes, I was thinking about him.

His relationship with Julie was not clear. He did not declare it either. But I was not his type, and my birthday was tomorrow, so I had to think only about my mate.

Since he did not like me, I should not think about him either.

"I am worried about my mate." I explained to Teresa.

"Don't worry. He will understand you. You know a mate can change your life with happiness."

I nodded my head. But it was not that.

I always felt like Ethan was my mate. I felt that for a long time. I felt somehow connected with him. I was sure he could not feel that otherwise; he would at least try to talk to me about it.

We talked for some time and then went back to our classes.

After my last class, I was waiting for Teresa. I was passing a few classrooms when I heard growls.

My legs stopped. I turned my head towards the classroom and went close to the door.

The hallway was empty. I looked around and discovered that I was the only one there.

Suddenly, I heard the sound of a thud. I immediately opened the door and saw two boys holding each other's collars.

I was shocked when I saw their faces.

"Ethan!"

I shouted and rushed to him. But before I could reach him, Ryan had already thrown a punch in his face.

Blood was coming out of the corner of Ethan's lip.

Ethan backed away, and his back rested on a wall. I cupped his cheeks and asked,

"A-Are you o-okay? What is happening?"

He frowned when he saw me. He slightly moved my hand from his face.

My own actions astounded me. Ethan wiped the blood off his lips with his thumb.

I looked at Ryan, who was glaring at me.

"What's happening? Why are you hitting him?" I asked him.

He stared at me for a few seconds, and his eyes became dark, which made me frightened. In those days, he only behaved childishly with me. I had never seen him like this.

I remembered when he was a kid, he always got mad at others.

Without my realization, Ethan walked to him and punched him hard.

I was shocked. They started to fight again. Like wild beasts, they were up to each other's necks.

"Can you both stop?" I said and tried to move Ethan.

I did not know what to do. Should I call someone for help? One of them broke his lips, and the other broke his cheek.

What would I do?

I tried again to move them but got pushed by them.

"Aaah!"

I fell on a wall and got hurt in my head. I held my forehead.

Ethan and Ryan both stopped fighting and looked at me. They looked stunned. They did not think that I would get hurt.

"Fuck! What happened to you?" Ethan said and rushed to me.

Ryan was standing where he was while looking at me.

I felt dizzy.

"D-Don't fight."

I felt darkness engulf me and everything blanked around me.

When I woke up I saw a white ceiling. I tried to sit up but felt a hand pushing my shoulder lightly.

"Don't sit up. You need some rest."

I heard Teresa. I turned my head to the right side and saw that she was sitting on a stool close to the bed.

I touched my forehead and felt a bandaid on the left side of my forehead.

"What happened?" I asked her.

I remembered the fight and then suddenly I got hurt.

"I called you. Ethan received the call and told me to come to this infirmary."

"Ethan? How is he?"

"He looked fine to me. Just a cut in his lips."

"Where is he?"

"He left the moment I came here."

I nodded and closed my eyes.

I took some rest and Teresa waited for me for an hour while sitting there.

I stood up. The nurse told me I was fine to go. I took a painkiller and went out of the hospital with Teresa.

She dropped me home and told me to take care of myself.

When I entered my home, my mom saw my forehead and asked,

"What happened to you?? You got hurt!"

"Mom, I was feeling weak then I slipped."

"You need to eat more. Should we go to the pack doctor for a check up?" She looked hella worried.

"No, mom. I am totally fine. I just need some rest."

She stroked my head and nodded. I went to my room and lay on my bed. I thought about today's fight. Why were they fighting?

When it was night time, I was going to have dinner when my mother came with a bag.

"Wear this and come down, honey."

It was a beautiful brown colored dress inside the bag. I took it out and smiled.

"Mom, you did not have to do this."

She kissed my forehead and said,

"Your dad threw a party tonight. Teresa is waiting for you downstairs."

I was not surprised. Every year my father called Teresa and arranged a small party for us four, on my birthday night. I was happy with it.

"Okay, mom." I replied with a bright smile.

But my smile froze when I heard my mother's next sentence.

"It's such an honor that Alpha Neil and his family also came tonight to celebrate your birthday with us."