

Midnight Wolf

By S.V. Smith

Chapter 1

Violet

"Oh, Goddess! I love this song!" I squealed with happiness.

I pulled Dylan to the middle of the gigantic living room, already packed with sweaty teenagers, and starting to move my hips in time with the beat. Catching my hand, he spun me around once, before pulling me into his chest. I giggled as he tried to land a kiss, for the third time tonight.

"I told you; I'm saving myself for my mate!" I grinned.

"It's just a kiss Vie." He argued.

I shook my head. "I want my first to be with my mate, every first."

He rolled his eyes and groaned. "You torture me woman!"

I took a step back, shaking my hips again. I swear, he almost drooled. We danced for a while more, every so often Dylan trying to sneak a kiss. When it started becoming more annoying than funny, I excused myself to go find the bathroom. Finding an empty one, finally, I locked the door and sat on the edge of the tub.

Dylan was a nice guy, and he'd been my friend since third grade, when his parents had joined the pack. I knew he'd always had a crush on me; He wasn't very subtle about it. Yet, he didn't always respect the boundaries I'd put in place about waiting for my mate. He was captain of the football team, the typical jock. His gold wavy hair and clear blue eyes, coupled with his flawless skin and fantastic physique made him a magnet for most of the girls at school.

There was a time when I'd swooned over him too. Until he'd started making out with more than a few girls, and slept with at least four that I knew about. And that's when I started to lose interest in him. He thought I was weird for waiting for my mate, but did I want to end up a notch on someone's bedpost? Hell no.

I knew it was silly to want my mate to be a virgin like me; Guys had needs as I heard. But that didn't mean I couldn't wait. It was, after all, my body and my decision.

Thinking all this through, I decided I was going to stop flirting with Dylan. Of course, it was harmless, on my end, but he was right. Obviously, I was giving him the wrong impression.

With that thought in mind, I opened the door, apologizing to the girls who'd been waiting outside, and made my way to find him. I took the stairs quickly down, scanning the crowd until suddenly, my eyes landed on him.

Dylan was tucked away in the corner of the living room with Sarah, the biggest hoe in school, in a heated make-out session. Her hands moved the front of his pants, grabbing him. I almost gagged. This is why I wanted to wait! One minute, he was all over me, and the next, he moved on to the next girl.

Boys! I thought, shaking my head as I descended the rest of the stairs. Locating my jacket from the front closet, I left the house and my best friend behind. I pulled out my phone and called Isa.

"Heya, where you at!" She yelled into the receiver.

I laughed. Isabelle was a few years older than me, but my best girlfriend. She knew me better than anyone, better than even Dylan. She was a witch, so unlike us wolves, alcohol affected her way more.

"I'm leaving. Heading home." I told her.

"Whaaat? Why?"

"Just not in the party mood tonight." I checked the time quickly. Almost midnight.

"You'll be okay to get home though?"

"Oh yeah! Trevor is giving me a ride later."

"Alright. I'll see you tomorrow. Love you."

"Love you girl!"

Tucking my phone into my pocket, I made my way down the long driveway and onto the sidewalk. The wind was blowing nicely through the trees along the walk, my long black hair lifting in it. My eyes scanned my surroundings, an automatic reflex now. Training with my dad, Alpha of the pack, had caused me and my twin brother Garrett to be cautious, even inside the pack boundaries. It's not that I didn't feel safe here at Blood Moon; But as we were taught, you never knew when rogues might attack.

As I walked, my anger grew towards Dylan. Was I jealous? No. I knew it seemed that way, but honestly, I was more upset with him than jealous. I could only hope his future mate hadn't seen him shamelessly making out and being groped by another girl. His eighteenth birthday was in two days; He was going to find his mate sooner rather later, I was sure. I ducked my head as the selfish thought ran through my head that I hoped it wasn't me. Again. I know, I was horrible. He was my best guy friend, and yet I hoped he wasn't my mate. Stupid.

SNAP

My head whipped around at an unexpected loud noise. I eyed the area around me slowly, holding my breath.

"You should try looking up princess."

I groaned aloud, but looked up anyways. Perched on a low hanging branch was Jasper, my least favorite person in the world. He shot me a sarcastic smile while I glared at him.

"What are you doing up there?" I asked him.

He shrugged. "Does anyone own this tree?"

"No?"

"Then I guess I can be up here."

I rolled my eyes. Okay, honest disclosure time, Jasper was hot. Like, hot. He had short brown hair that was thick and slightly wavy, but not as wavy as Dylans. His eyes were a gorgeous silver-grey, and his body? Damn. I'd seen him shirtless on the training grounds; He had a fully stacked six pack, and was toned in all the right places. He was also stood over six feet, dwarfing my five-foot seven figure. He had just the right amount of facial hair already to bring his look together into your typical sexy badboy. But his attitude? Ugh. Jasper had this way about him, this "I don't give a fuck about anything" attitude that was a total turn off. Plus, rumor had it he'd slept with more than half the school. Gross.

"Why you staring at me princess? Like what you see?" He grinned cockily.

"I'm not staring at you." I averted my eyes quickly. "And don't call me princess."

Swinging his legs over, Jasper jumped from the branch, landing lightly on his feet. I craned my neck back to look up at him.

"Alright." He stuck his hands in his pockets. "What are you doing out here?"

"Walking."

"Alone?"

I folded my arms across my chest. "Yes. Is that a problem?"

"No need to get so defensive. I was just asking." He looked over my head before looking back at me. "Want some company?"

"Uh, no, thanks." I turned and started walking again, but he fell into step beside me anyways. What was it with these boys? None of them listened to me.

"Jasper, I said I'm good."

"We're close to the borders. It's not safe for you to be out here alone at night."

I stopped and shot him another glare. "Do you not remember who my parents are? I've been well trained to handle any rogues who might attack. But thank you very much for your concern."

This time he crossed his arms. "Oh really? So, hypothetically, let's say that twenty or so rogues come out of the forest right now. How do you plan to handle them all by yourself?"

My mouth opened, ready to argue, but the words caught in my throat. I'm sure I looked very attractive, jaw opening and closing like a fish. Finally, I shot him the finger and turned away.

"That's what I thought." He said.

"I hate you." I mumbled. He laughed quietly beside me.

It took twenty-five minutes to get back to the packhouse. Twenty-five minutes of awkward silence and annoying whistling from Jasper. When he started walking up the drive, I pulled him back sharply. He gave me a confused look.

"What?"

"You can't just walk up to the front door!" I hissed.

"Why not? You live here."

I bit my lip, watching as his face went from confusion to amusement with a hint of awe.

"You're not supposed to be out, are you?" He asked.

"That's not your business!" I snapped.

"Wow. Never would have thought you would break the rules."

"Would you just go?"

"How did you get out?" He asked instead. For the millionth time that night, I groaned out loud.

"Out my window. Okay? Now will you leave?"

He laughed, trying to cover it with a cough. "Damn Violet. Okay okay. I'm gone." He patted my head, like I was a three-year-old, and walked back the way we'd come.

I took the opposite way, scurrying around the bushes lining the sidewalk and into the shadows of the front lawn. I'd done this way too many times now, and in no time at all I was at the back of the house, climbing the tree that led to my window. Slipping in carefully, I let out a breath of relief, smiling to myself. The lamp beside my bed clicked on, and the smile fell from my face. Mom sat on my bed, her face the epitome of anger.

Shit.