

## Chapter 2

Violet

Mom stared at me, possibly too angry to speak. Her aura was growing by the second; I was surprised I hadn't felt it coming in. I decided to break the silence. I opened my mouth to speak, but she held up her hand. I closed it and waited. Finally, she spoke, her voice like ice.

"Where. Have. You. Been?" She said each word distinctly, gritting them out between her teeth.

"Uhm... out." I muttered. She raised her eyebrows. "Out with some friends." I clarified.

"Do you have any idea what time it is?"

"Uh... midnight?" I guessed. It had been close to then when I checked last.

"Midnight. And you were out. With friends." She blinked for the first time. "And drinking?"

There was no point in lying. "A little."

"And?"

"And what?"

"And what else?"

"And nothing else." I cocked an eyebrow at her.

"Violet." She looked away, her eyes scanning over the walls of my room. "Don't lie to me."

"I'm not. What else do you think I was doing Mom?"

"You were out with Dylan?"

"Yes." I admitted.

She gave me that look, the same look she gave me every time Dylan was around. I caught on to what she was implying and cringed.

"Goddess Mom, I didn't do anything with Dylan! I didn't do anything with anybody!"

"You snuck out, again, you were drinking, and you were with a boy. What am I supposed to think?"

"I was with friends, not just Dylan. You have to stop assuming him and I are a thing!"

"Where were you, exactly?" She asked.

"I was... out." Smooth.

"Yes, but where?"

I sighed. "I went to a party, okay?" I crossed the room and flopped onto my beanie bag chair.

She stared at me. "Who's party?"

"Someone from school Mom."

"Drop the attitude, Violet." She stood up, pacing in front of me. "Do you have any idea how worried I was? You're lucky I didn't wake your dad. He would have sent people out to find you!"

I shuddered, because I knew she was right.

"This has to stop." She continued. "We can't keep doing this! We set certain rules for you to follow, and you just can't seem to follow them! Why? Why is it so important to disobey us? To make us worry about you?"

"I wasn't trying to worry you. I just wanted to have some fun." I said.

"You'll be eighteen in two weeks. It's time to start acting like an adult Violet."

My anger was burning. I threw her an icy glare. "Maybe if you didn't keep me locked up in here, I wouldn't feel the need to sneak out."

She met my tone. "I don't keep you locked up. You can go anywhere you want."

I scoffed loudly. "Right! As long as I tell you three days in advance, give you everyone's contact information, a GPS location, and take one of Aunt Clara stupid locator pendants! You want me to act like an adult, yet you treat me like a child!" I practically yelled.

"There are things out there that are worse than rogues Violet! I make you carry those pendants so we can always find you!"

"Why not just lock me in the dungeon Mom? At least I can't climb out the window there!"

"Ugh!" She sat heavily on the bed, her head in her hands. A wave of guilt washed threw me. I knew I wasn't an easy child; I never had been. At the same time, I felt like I had a valid point. Growing up, Mom and Dad would occasionally leave the pack for business, leaving us in the care of our grandparents. My friends talked endlessly about trips they'd taken, places they'd been. Me? To this day, I'd never been outside the pack. Not even to Uncle Killian's pack, which was practically merged with ours. What stung more was Garrett had. Because he was taking over as Alpha someday, he had to learn the ins and outs of the job and title. But I couldn't go to one freaking party? How was that fair?

As if he'd heard my thoughts, my door opened and my brother poked his head in, looking between Mom and myself.

"What's going on?" He asked.

"None of your business." I snapped. His mouth pressed into a thin line at my tone. He took in my clothes and my shoes and our mother still on my bed.

"You snuck out again, didn't you?"

"Again, not your business."

"Why do you have to be such a bitch?"

"Why do you have to be so nosey?" I threw back.

"Enough!" Mom's aura washed over us, effectively shutting us up. "Garrett, don't call your sister names. Violet-" She raised her head to look at me, "- Is there even a point in grounding you?"

I shrugged, not answering. Mom sighed.

"Fine. I'll talk to your dad in the morning about this."

"Great." I replied sarcastically. Shaking her head, she ushered my brother out the door and left. I kicked off my shoes and checked my phone. Three missed calls from Dylan, and eight texts. I scrolled through them quickly, not really reading them before shutting it off. I wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone now. I stood up and stripped out of my clothes before going to my bathroom and turning on the shower.

I washed quickly, removing what little make-up I had on and trying to release some of the tension in my body.

After stepping out and drying, I threw on whatever pajamas my hands touched in my dresser and crawled into bed, turning off the light.

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I woke up to the sound of someone knocking on my door. I rolled over lazily, calling that it was open. When my dad walked in, I simply lay in bed and stared at him.

"Have you come to haul me away for my punishment?" I asked.

"Breakfast in ready." And he shut the door. I got up and made my way to the bathroom. Apparently, this morning wasn't going to be any better than last night.

After I was presentable, I joined my family in the dining room. The room was converted from a bedroom on our floor, because Mom wanted a place to have family dinners other than in the cafeteria. I took my seat at the table and started to fill my plate with bacon, eggs, pancakes and hashbrowns. Garrett eyed me over the table, but I ignored him. Mom was sitting in her chair, sipping her morning coffee while Dad turned off the stove. I forked a piece of pancake into my mouth as he sat down; Mom put down her cup and Garrett leaned back in his chair. Everyone stared at me.

"Just get it over with." I said around another bite.

"You know you're in trouble." Dad said.

"Obviously." I retorted.

"But we're not grounding you."

My fork stopped halfway to my mouth. I looked between the three of them.

"Last night I asked you why you refuse to follow the rules we've set down for you. I want an answer." Mom said.

I looked at her, and told her the truth. "Because it's not fair."

"What isn't fair?" Dad asked.

I set down my fork. "You guys don't let me have a life. Garrett can do anything he wants, and you never say anything. I can't even hang out with my friends without a list of requirements beforehand. You let him leave the pack, but somehow, it's too dangerous for me. I feel like you guys don't trust me. You want me to be an adult,

but you don't let me experience what adulthood is like." I shrugged. "It's just easier to do things my way, and face the consequences later."

Mom and Dad looked at each other, their eyes glazing over as they mind-linked. Garrett was looking at his plate, his brow furrowed. His red hair was messy from sleep. Even though we were twins, we honestly weren't that much alike. Our looks, obviously, but our attitudes as well. Garrett was adamant on following the rules. He always had been. He avoided trouble where he could, rarely ever getting into fights, and he studied hard at school. He was also introverted, preferring to keep to himself. I had no doubt he would make a great Alpha someday.

Not that I didn't try. I did well in school. I enjoyed a good book too. But unlike Garrett, who was content to stay in Blood Moon, I wanted to see everything I could. I had a wild side, an adventurous side. I was opinionated, probably a little too much at times. I didn't mind trouble, and didn't go out of my way to find it, but I'd been suspended from school a few times for starting fights. For good reasons, I thought; Like when Sarah was bullying a girl in my math class. Mom had laid into me, but I wasn't sorry.

Still, it seemed I just didn't match up to my family's expectations. Eventually, I stopped trying.

Dad cleared his throat, bringing me back to the conversation.

"We think you make a valid point Violet." He said. I raised my eyebrows. "So, here's what's going to happen."

"We're not grounding you." Mom said. "We're going to try a compromise."

"What kind of compromise?" I asked.

"You don't need to tell us where you're going, or who you're with, as long as it's within pack borders. Also, you still need to take Aunt Claras pendant with you wherever you go. And you need to be home by eleven if you go out."

"What if I want to leave the pack?"

"Then you need to take two warriors with you, and we will need to know where you're going and who you're with." Dad said.

"I think... that's fair." I agreed. Mom exhaled and Dad gave me a small smile.

"And." Mom said. I looked at her nervously. "We're sorry you've been feeling this way. From now on, let's just talk, okay?"

"Okay."

I gave her a hesitant smile, which she returned.