

Chapter 3

Dylan

Violet hadn't replied to any of my messages. Was she really that pissed at me? It wasn't entirely my fault; I wasn't expecting Sarah to pounce on me the way she did. Still, I had to admit she knew what she was doing. But I didn't think it called for Violet ditching me.

I pulled up to school, parking in my usual spot, and grabbed my bag from the passenger seat. I threw on my sunglasses, and locked the car. As usual, there was a group of girls waiting inside the doors to swarm me. I smiled politely, pushing through. I needed to talk to Vie. I took the halls until I found her at her locker, gathering her books for the day. She glanced at me as I approached, but didn't acknowledge me in any other way.

"Hey." I said.

"Hey."

I leaned against the metal, looking down at her face. "So, I missed you last night."

"Really? You seemed to be enjoying yourself from what I remember." She closed her locker and turned to me.

"Come on Vie. I didn't mean to."

She raised one eyebrow at me. "Seriously? What, did you slip and fall into her vagina?"

"She initiated it."

"Okay. Good for her."

I caught her hand. "Don't be mad, please. It won't happen again."

Violet shook her head. "I'm not mad Dylan. At least, not for the reason you think I am."

"Then why are you?"

"Dylan, almost everyone in our grade was at that party. Your birthday is tomorrow. Your future mate could have seen what you were doing! It was so tasteless." She shook her head.

"Not this again. Not everyone waits for their mate Vie."

"I know. But most people have enough class not to parade it in front of everyone. I know if I turned out to be your mate, I'd be pretty upset."

She patted me on the shoulder before turning and walking away.

"She's not wrong, you know."

Garrett appeared beside me, looking after his sister.

"You think?"

He nodded. "Violet can be a handful. But in this case, I have to agree with her."

A wave of shame engulfed me. I thought about all the girls I'd seen last night, making out with different guys. What if any of them turned out to be mate? Looking at from that perspective, I had to admit, I didn't like the feeling. I gazed after Violets retreating form; I was so sure she was my mate. I'd been looking forward to it since I met her. Would she really be disgusted by me? Would she even accept me?

Garrett and I walked to class together, him telling me about how Vie got caught last night, and what happened this morning.

"About time too. I told Dad ages ago to ease up on her." He said as we sat down. "I hate that she views me as being against her." He frowned.

"Awe, dude, she knows you love her. You're her brother."

"Yeah, I know."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Jasper Cole walk in. Jasper, attending class? That had to be a first. I saw Garrett give me a look, saying he was thinking the same thing. Almost as soon as he sat down, every girl in the class started eyeing him, giggling and trying to get his attention. Goddess, what was with them? The guy was a douche. Yeah, he was okay looking, but his attitude sucked. I watched as a brunette leaned across the aisle, flipping her hair and pushing her breasts together. Jasper barely looked in her direction, and eventually she sat back, disappointed.

"If you catch more flies with honey with than vinegar, does that make Jasper the honey?" Garrett whispered to me.

"Nah." I whispered back. "You catch more flies with shit than anything."

"This shit isn't deaf." Jasper said loudly. He turned in his seat, eyeing the both of us. "You got a problem?"

"Nope." I replied. "Just wondering why every girl falls for an asshole like you."

He smirked. "Maybe they know what I can give them."

"What you've got isn't much to brag about." Garrett said. Jasper turned to him.

"Your sister seems to think otherwise."

I tried to stop him, truly. My hand grazed Garrets arm as he flew past me and hauled Jasper out of his seat and pinned him against the wall.

"What the fuck did you say?" He growled.

"Oh, you didn't know I was with your sister last night?" Despite his situation, he looks less than concerned.

"What did you do with her?!"

Jasper peeled Garrets fingers off his collar, giving him a shove back. "Chill dude. I only walked her home. No goodnight kiss or anything."

My anger rose as he smirked at me. Everyone knew how I felt about Violet, it was no big secret.

"Stay the fuck away from my sister." Garrett snapped. Jasper simply widened his smirk.

The teacher then graced us with her presence, and Garret returned to his seat angrily. The entire class, he eyed the back of Jaspers head murderously. I noticed a couple girls passing notes back and forth behind the teachers back. A few of the girls who'd already shifted were mind-linking.

When the bell rang, Garrett stalked out the door. I'd only seen him so angry a couple times before, and always, it was about Violet. He really was protective over her. By lunchtime, he'd calmed down some, mostly I thought because he hadn't run into Jasper the douche again.

"You want to come over tonight, play some Halo or something?" He asked me. We were standing in line, waiting to get our food.

"Sure."

"I just got a new game; It's awesome."

"Sounds cool."

"You, okay? You seem kind of-"

Garretts words were cut off by a loud gasp. Actually, it was more than one, I think everyone in the cafeteria gasped simultaneously, creating one, audible effect. My head turned in the direction of everyone else around me, almost as if I didn't have a choice. What I saw confused the shit out of me. Violet stood in the middle of the room, her chest heaving up and down, her face red, and an expression of pure fury I'd only ever seen on her mother's face.

In front of her, holding his right cheek, was Jasper. To my surprise, he was looking at the floor rather than at her. Had she slapped him? Why? As if on cue, she answered my question, speaking to Jasper.

"How dare you start such a vile rumor about me! I should kick your ass right here!" She seethed.

Rumor?

"What are you talking about?" Jasper asked. Everyone leaned in, intent on the drama unfolding in front of us.

"You told my brother I slept with you!" She raged.

Jaspers eyes went wide. "No, I didn't!"

"Garrett!" Vie looked around until she spotted us. "Did he, or did he not, tell you this morning that something happened last night between us?"

I looked at my friend, along with everyone else. "I uh, made a joke about his, uh, size, and he said "that's not what your sister said last night" or something, and-"

Before he finished, Violet slapped Jasper again. Hard.

"Would you stop doing that? It was just a joke; I told him I was joking." Jasper grumbled.

"Well, clearly someone didn't think it was a joke! Tell them, right now Jasper. Tell everyone, or I swear-"

"Nothing happened. I walked you home, end of story." He looked around the cafeteria. "Who's been saying otherwise?"

A group of girls to my left ducked their heads. I eyed them, and Violet noticed. She stalked over to their table, slamming her hands down.

"Which one of you?"

They sat silently.

"Which one?!"

"I'm sorry." A small brunette spoke up, her voice barely above a whisper. I recognized her from our class this morning. "I didn't mean to. It's just, with his reputation-"

"You thought I'd fall onto his dick like every other girl at this school?" Violet finished for her. The girl just stared at her. "Keep my name out of your mouth from now on. Got it?"

She nodded vigorously, reminding me of the bobble head I had in my car. Angrily, Vie swiped the girls lunch tray onto the floor. It landed with a loud clang, food scattering. Then she looked at Garrett.

"And you too."

With that, she stormed off, throwing the doors open and leaving. There was a collective release of breaths, the loudest from the brunette. Everyone started whispering, but I ignored it, turning back to Garrett. He looked perplexed, a mix of guilt and annoyance on his face.

"You want me to talk to her?" I asked him.

"No. Let her cool off."

"Alright."

We got our food and sat down at a nearby table. Garrett ate silently, lost in his own thoughts. I looked around at the few teachers in the room, totally unsurprised they hadn't intervened. Everyone was more or less use to Violet's outbursts. They only got involved now if it became physical. I looked down at my tray, picking at the mashed potatoes; I should have paid more attention this morning. Who knew those girls would take Jaspers words seriously? Even with his reputation?

Violet was proud, beyond proud, that she had waited this long for her mate. It was something her parents had instilled in them both; your mate was the greatest gift from the Goddess, your true other half. Growing up,

and learning about what her mother went through before she found our Alpha, I think that's what made Violets resolve so strong. To her, her parents were her role-models. They were iconic leaders, and the pack had never been better for it.

My eyes wandered up and landed on Jasper. He was sitting alone, his cheek-stained red. His eyes were focused on the doors, the ones Violet had left through; His face was thoughtful. A tiny smile graced his lips and a feeling of uneasy anger coursed through me. Just what was he playing at?