

Chapter1 Betrayal

Liana

"I'm the happiest girl alive," I exclaim excitedly as I twirl through the living room of my best friend, Nina, apartment. "In less than twenty-four hours, I'll be Mrs Wyatt Miller."

"You're also going to be a tired bride if you don't go to bed," Nina laughs. "It's already ten o'clock and you have an early morning and busy day ahead of you before you can walk down the aisle."

"Do you think I can call him before I go to bed?" I ask as I fall onto the couch. "It's a terrible tradition not to see the groom before the big day."

"Liana, the man is most likely already in bed," Nina sighs. "And you should be too."

"Can you believe he built me a house?" I sit up and look at her. "Me, poor Liana from the trailer park with the hand-me-down clothes, are moving into a brand-new house. Build and furnished just for me."

"Yeah, yeah," Nina rolls her eyes. "You won the lotto, I know."

"Oh, Nina," I look pleadingly at her. "I know you don't like Wyatt that much, but can't you be just a little bit excited for me? This is my dream come true."

"It's not that I dislike him," Nina sighs heavily. "It's just ... he's a werewolf and you're a human. I'm just looking out for you, that's all."

"And I love you for that," I stand up, walk to her and take her hands in mine. "You are the best friend in the world and that's why you're my maid of honour."

"It's because I'm your best friend that I worry," she says softly. "I've been living within these borders my entire life and this pack of wolves are not known for their kindness and humanity."

"But it's also an honour to be mated to one of them," I say urgently. "Especially if it's the Delta's son. I will have prestige and status and will finally have money to send to my parents. They're not getting any younger and with Dad's health declining and my brother's issues ... they have sacrificed so much for me, Nina. I want them to relax and enjoy retirement without wondering about where they're going to get their next meal. My dreams are coming true and taking care of my parents is a bonus."

"You're right," Nina smiles after a while. "I'm worried for no reason. Now, go to bed so that you can be the prettiest bride this pack has ever seen."

"I love you," I hug her tightly before I go to my room.

I cannot stop smiling as I look at my wedding dress that is hanging behind my door. Quickly I go through my suitcase and double-check that I have packed everything. Shoes, lingerie, veil ... oh no! My veil is not here! I left it at home.

Oh, well, I smile to myself as I tiptoe to the front door without disturbing Nina. This is the perfect excuse to go home and surprise Wyatt.

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I take a moment to admire the house that we will be living in for a moment before I walk to the front door. I unlock the door as quietly as I can and step inside. I feel as giddy as a schoolgirl as I imagine Wyatt's face when I surprise him.

Silently I make my way to our future bedroom but the closer I get, the deeper my frown goes. Clearly, I can hear the pleasurable moans of a man and a woman. What the hell? Is Wyatt watching porn?

I surely hope not. That is such a lousy custom and not something I want to deal with. Especially not on my honeymoon.

No, I shake my head. Not my Wyatt. After seven years, I know everything about him that there is to know. He is most likely only watching a movie with a provocative scene.

I continue my way to the bedroom but stop dead in my tracks when I reach the door. My fingers to my mouth and my eyes nearly pop out of their sockets as I stare at the scene in disgust.

Gwen, my bridesmaid, is standing on all fours on the bed as Wyatt violently thrusts into her.

"Yes, baby, yes," Gwen pants. "Harder. Harder."

She screams loudly as his fingers dig deeper into her hips as he obeys her request.

"Yes! Yes!" She shouts.

I want to turn around and run away. I want to cry and scream and shout. I want to throw up and crumble into a ball. But I do not. I am numb and lifeless. I am standing in the doorway, staring at my friend and ancé as they satisfy their most carnal need. It is like standing on the tracks and watching the oncoming train heading right for you. You know you should move but you are frozen.

When Wyatt cries out his orgasm, my heart shatters into a million pieces. Gwen wiggles her hips until she reaches her climax before she collapses forward on the bed.

"Thanks, babe," Wyatt slaps Gwen on her ass before he crawls onto the bed next to her. "You always know how to satisfy a man."

"Unlike your ancé?" She giggles and curls up in his arms.

"Come on," he scoffs. "You know I've never fucked her."

"Is that why you're marrying her?" Gwen pouts as she draws circles on his chest with her finger. "Because she's a virgin?"

They are talking about me, I realize. I am standing right here, and they have no idea. They are so absorbed in their lust that they do not even see me. Are wolves not supposed to smell others? Or is the aroma of sex so overwhelming that they do not catch up on my scent?

"I'm marrying her because she's my mate," he grunts. "And you know that."

"Why don't you just reject her?" Gwen sulks. "She's human, she won't feel the pain like a she-wolf. Then you and I can be together like we want to be."

"You know I can't do that," he kisses her tenderly. "I must be married to my mate if I want to be Delta one day. Do you rather want to be the mistress of the Delta or the wife of an Omega?"

"But once you're married, I won't be able to see you as often," she whimpers. "And as her husband, you'll have to sleep with her."

"Only until she gives me my son," he smiles sweetly. "I promise you. Once my son is born, I will never touch her again."

The more they talk, the more life returns to my loins. My initial shock and devastation have made space for pure, hot anger.

"Well," I sneer as I cross my arms in front of my chest. "Isn't this cosy?"

Both Gwen and Wyatt jerk upright and stare at me in shock.

"Liana," Wyatt is the first to react and he scrambles out of bed. "This is not what you think. I ... we ..."

"Oh, spare me," I spat the words angrily. "I watched the entire show. This is exactly what it looks like."

"She's right, Wyatt," Gwen smiles smugly as she pulls Wyatt's t-shirt over her head. "This is exactly what it looks like."

"Gwen, not now," Wyatt hisses urgently.

"Why not now?" Gwen shrugs. "She's seen and heard it all, there's no use in denying it."

"I thought you were my friend," I look at her with disgust and hatred.

"How can I possibly be your friend when you want what's mine?" She sneers as she steps closer to me.

"Yours?" I gape at her. "He's my mate."

"He might be your mate," she smirks as she places herself in front of me. "But I have his heart."

"b**h!" I yell as the palm of my hand connects hard and loudly with her cheek.

Gwen's head jerk to the side from the impact and she stumbles backwards.

"Gwen, baby," Wyatt rushes to her side. "Are you okay?"

"No," she whimpers, and he cradles her into his embrace.

"You asshole," I shout as I shove Wyatt away from Gwen and he looks at me with shock. "I'm your ancé. But you're more concerned about your whore than you're about me."

"Liana, enough," Wyatt bellows as he grabs me by the wrists. His eyes are burning into mine. "You do not get to talk to me like that."

"Fuck you," I jerk my hands free from his hold. "And your whore."

I look at them with anger and hatred as I pull off my engagement ring.

"Take this," I shout and toss the ring at them. "Let her birth your heir, and good luck with becoming the next Delta."

"Liana, wait," Wyatt turns pale as he reaches for me, but I had enough.

I turn on my heels and run as fast as I can.

"Liana, please," Wyatt runs after me. "Let's talk about this like adults."

"No," I yell furiously as I turn to face him. "There is nothing to talk about. There is nothing that you can say or do to undo what I have witnessed. You made your bed, sleep in it."

"Please," he reaches for me, but I slap his hand away, turn around and run into the night.