

Lie To Me Alpha by Veronica Vito

Chapter 8

"You didn't save him from the rogues."

My mom just says out of nowhere while driving the car and it wasn't even a question.

We're heading back home, just the two of us, as Cora has gone back with her brother, but she'll be back by next week. I cough shifting around my seat uncomfortably.

"Don't even bother to lie." her voice raises in a warning tone.

"Yes mom, I didn't save him," defeatedly I say while sighing under my breath.

There was no point in lying when it comes to my mother. Trust me, she has excellent detective skills. So if someone ever lies today and she found the truth tomorrow, then don't bother to show your pretty face to her.

Believe it, you do not want to get on her bad side, my mom doesn't like people when they lie.

"You like him," she turned the car to the street we live on.

"No, mom." I quickly denied it and not to be sounded sus***ious.

"Then what's with you and him? I know she's never gonna let it go.

"As I said back there, I met him when I went for a run," she taps her fingers on the steering wheel, nodding her head. "Okay, but if the truth comes out, the young lady you know I won't let you off that easily."

"Mom," I groan even more resting my head back. Great as long as she doesn't know how I'll be okay. I just need time to myself to think everything over.

My dad never came home that night again. It was just my mom and me, bonding over dinner, and when I ask her why dad is always needed by the pack. She just says it's because he's a top warrior, but there's always a part of me that knew something doesn't seem to add up here.

When I woke up the next day. I was filled with joy seeing my dad in the kitchen with my mom. They look so loveable, I wish I could have that someday.

Thinking of it, my mind goes back to the green eye douche, which ruins my morning mood.

"Morning, sweet pea," my dad came over kisses me on the forehead, taking my mind off of the unwanted feelings. I responded by hugging him tightly on the waist, "morning papa."

"Awww, your father is your favorite, huh?" My mom dramatically fake hurt which my dad reaches out and pulls her into our hug.

"You two are my life," he mutters, holding on to us as if this was our last time together.

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Whenever we have moments like this, I always never want to let go but stay there forever. We stay there like that for another minute before we have our breakfast and depart our ways with my dad dropping me off at school.

My day was boring with no Cora here, and Gia is absent from school today. So it was just me hanging around by myself. When it was lunchtime, I went to the library.

The librarian was surprised to see me there for the first time in the history of my school life.

Usually, I do not go to the library to study. I prefer under the trees with my friends or at a school secluded corner. Since my friends aren't here, then Library is the only place for me.

Looking around, I saw Quinn and the other juniors flaunting around her. She looks happy and cheery and has a werewolf hearing, I could hear that all they talk about is her Future Alpha boyfriend and his friends.

Alera wasn't doing okay with what we're hearing. My wolf is full of jealousy at the moment. Sighing heavily under my breath, I stood up grabbed my books, and went out of there to find a tree to study.

Today was one of those days where you felt like you were drunk, that all you know is the cla** is finished, nothing else. All I kept doing is watching the clock strike 3 pm and for me to go home.

Right when I thought school was finished. My teacher announced that our history teacher says we have a cla** after school for our revision.

I wanted to scream or even better slide under the table and crawl my way out of this school. Yet it can never happen. So I call my dad to pick me up around 6 pm.

"I hate that teacher," I told Alera, "I thought she was your favorite", "not today."

I stood up moving to the desk at the window while other students cheerfully pick up their bags and went home.

There were few of us taking history subject, Ms. Caluvar is our teacher and not part of our pack, she's from the Moonbridge Pack.

Our cla** was about to start when loud music disturbs us. When Ms. Caluvar tried to explain how our werewolf world came to be. The laughter muffles her voice along with the increasing volume of the music.

"Ada**ah," she calls me out, "would you please go and ask whoever is making that noise to lower it down or even better get out of our school compound."

I know why I'm being picked out. First off, I am the only leader in the school who took history, and second off, I can't say pissed off teacher ask another student.

Running in full speed from the stairs to where the noise was coming from. I stop a few meters regretting listening to Ms. Caluvar.

"Mission Abort, abort the mission."

I keep on repeating and swiftly turn around to go back but saw my teacher and cla**mates with their heads out of the window looking down at me.

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"I could escape through the gate and go home. Who cares if we got detention tomorrow." I said through our links.

"Oh, look what we have here."

'Too late, I curse and abruptly turn around, smiling at the unwanted people.

"Future Alpha, I'm sorry to disturb your amazing gathering, but you see we have a cla** right now. Your music along with the laughter has poorly interrupted our cla**, making it hard for us the students who want to have a bright future to concentrate."

I stop only to take a deep breath hoping they would make it easy for me.

"Umm, actually, it's after school and practically you have no business here."

The sound of those words makes me cringe with annoyance, and Alera was ready to be released and rip off the head of that monkey voice.

"Quinn,"

Her eyes widen, seeing me with a big forced fake smile while my anger is the only evidence in the way I raise my voice.

"Matteo being here doesn't save your a** tomorrow from being in detention for the whole week," none of them spoke up.

"You know what happens when you're in detention, and I'm on duty," her eyes cast down to her feet, making Alera snicker. "And that goes for the rest of you here ladies," I continued with an evil grin.

I don't bully our juniors, but when they retaliate or even try to get on my nerve, that's when I am not being nice. I mean can you blame me! I love to challenge those prideful girls, especially little b****es like the one in front of me now.

Another dude who is wearing a Kings College football jacket stomp his way over to me and I gulp my saliva nervously.

Matteo and Jay just stood there in silence. I'm surprised he didn't stand up for his girlfriend.

The guy shook both of my shoulders with his hands, "and who the hell are you to come here and talk like that to us?"

I try to remove his hands, but his hold was tightening, calming myself I reply firmly to him.

"Practically, I am a prefect of this school, and you're on the school compound making noises during the seniors after school cla**es. So I have every right to say that to everyone here. This is school property, and as a leader, it is my property." Alera slaps her forehead, mumbling, "uh oh."

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He clenched his fist ready to punch me, but Jay stops him. "It's not nice to hit a girl," he looks as if he's protesting to comply.

"Kevin, let it go," Matteo call out, warning him.

He turns around, hitting the air while he groans, and I step back with a victory smile.

He cursed out loud, "you watch your back." I would be lying if I said I wasn't scared because watching him look furious is not doing me any good.

"You," he furiously pointed at me, "I'll kill you..." He continues to threaten me.

Matteo moves fast, standing between the two of us making Kevin stomp towards the car furiously.

"Never disrespect my girl again," Matteo warns me with a cold stare before walking back to the car, followed by his friends and Quinn.

When they left, I sigh in relief. Turning around, I look up and saw my cla**mates cheering for me.

“Good job, leader,” Ms. Caluvar shouted.

I raise my thumps muttering, “leader my a**,” while walking back to cla** with Alera laughing in my head.

After cla**, I went and waited for my father, who hasn’t shown up after one hour. I puff kicking the stones on the ground as my feet are getting tired and it was getting cold.

I finally saw his Mercedes ‘glad he remembered’ Alera mutters.

It parked in front of us, and immediately I open the door jumping in the front seat, warming my hands.

“Dad, why are you late?”

I kept rubbing my hands together. It’s strange how my dad never replies and how my nose still could smell my mate’s scent.

“Dad?”

I turn around, only to be screaming out loud and clung to the door handle for my dear life.