

Lycan Queen

Chapter 1: The Good Sister

Blakely

I've taken this walk countless times over the last six months, but I still get nervous every time. I walk to the marker on the floor in front of the cameras and wait. The papers in my hands are shaking; I can't stop tapping my foot, but I know when that little green light on top of the camera turns on, I will be fine. I started my internship at Channel 6 News almost a year ago; 6 months into my internship, the sports newscaster just up and quit right before it was time for him to go on. So my manager handed me some papers with sports stats on it "here, just read these" and threw me in front of the camera.

I seriously thought I was going to throw up live on tv. But I took a deep breath, imagined I was talking to my dad about the sports teams, and got through my first broadcast seamlessly. From that day on, I've been doing five sessions a day.

"Now over to Blakely for sports"

"Thank you, Bob, I'm sure it was a late night for everyone as we watched Baylor win out over Notre Dame in the 2019 Women's Basketball National Championship game."

I finish up my sports news and wait for the light to turn red. When it turns red, I step off my marker and start

heading to my office to prepare for my next session.

"Blakely!" I hear my boss say my name. I stop and turn around to face him.

"Hey, what's up?"

"That session was great! How many more weeks do you have until your internship ends?"

"Two weeks."

"Perfect, I will go ahead and meet with HR to start the hiring process. That sound good to you?"

"Wow yeah, that sounds great! Thank you so much."

"Hey, don't thank me; you earned it."

He shakes my hand then starts back in the direction of his office. I do a little happy dance and continue on my way to my office. I get to my office, sit behind my desk and start looking over some papers.

"Hey, Blake." I look up and see one of the camera guys standing in the doorway of my office. I can't for the life of me remember his name.

"Hey, what's up? Am I needed on set?"

"No, everything's good to go; just wanted to come by and tell you your session was excellent today." He says as he walks in and sits down in one of the chairs on my desk's

other side.

"Oh, thanks, It's fun."

"Well, you're really great at it. Would you like to go out for dinner sometime?" I froze. I didn't know how to respond, the poor guy, I couldn't even remember his name, and he wanted to take me to dinner.

"Um, I" just then, my cell phone started buzzing, I looked down, and it was my dad. "I'm sorry I have to take this.

"No problem, I'll catch up with you later."

I waited until he left my office to answer the phone.

"Hey, pops! man, you don't know how much you just saved me."

I got up and closed my office door.

"Are you breaking hearts again, Blake?"

"How did you know?"

"You just closed the door in my face."

"Oh shit, sorry, pops." I quickly open the door back up.
"Hey!" He gives me a big hug as he walks in. "What are you doing here?"

"Hadn't seen my girl in a while, wanted to stop in and see

you."

"You pissed mom off again, didn't you?"

I said, giving him a teasing laugh and sitting back in my chair. He sits down across from me with a smile on his face.

"Maybe, but I was missing you. How have you been?"

"Really good, I just got asked to be an employee in two weeks."

"Great, Rosie, I'm proud of you. I just wish your sister would get serious about something. It still blows my mind how a set of twins can be such polar opposites."

"She is serious about world peace, don't you know that," I said with a laugh.

"Well, world peace isn't paying her bills I am."

"Well, I can't comment on that, you and mom are still helping me out too."

"Well, helping you doesn't bother me because you've been busting your butt since you graduated high school all through college to get to where you are. Bethany has just been playing dress-up doing and pageants for the last few years."

"Well, pops, have you thought maybe she doesn't have any other skills besides what it takes to win pageants? I

couldn't sit still for long when I was a kid, so I always found something to be doing. Beth found pageants, and she was content with that. Can't fault her for fully committing to what she loves."

"Always there to defend and protect your sister, even when it is against your old man."

"Well, I've been doing it all my life. It's hard to turn it off even when it's against you," I say with a shrug.

"I know you've taken a lot for her over the years."

I shrug again. "It hasn't been that bad."

"Rosie, I've seen you put your life on hold multiple times. It wasn't until you moved out for college that you finally started focusing on yourself a little more. Please continue to focus on you... maybe even go on a date or two. Have you ever even had a boyfriend?"

"Okay, pops, I draw the line there; I'm not talking boys with you. No, I haven't been on a date, I don't need a man in my life to make me happy, and yes, I will try to continue to make time to do stuff I enjoy."

"Thank you, that's all I ask, yea, you don't need to worry about boys. I'm not as young as I once was, so it would be a lot harder for me to kick their butt if they hurt you." He says with a laugh.

"I think you still got it in you old man."

"Maybe," he says with a shrug as we both laugh.

"So, you want to help me do stats research before my next session?"

"Absolutely!"

So pops hung out with me till it was time for the noon broadcast. It was great getting to spend time with him for the first time in a while. After wrapping up my final show of the day, I go to my desk and see that I have five voicemails from Beth's best friend, Katie.

"Hey, Blake it's Katie! Can you please give me a callback? It's kind of important."

"Blake, it's Katie again... I need you to call me back."

By the 5th voicemail, Katie was yelling at me. Does this girl not know I have a job? Good Lord. As I hop into my truck, I hear Katie's loud annoying voice coming from my phone.

"BLAKE ANSWER YOUR PHONE NOW, BETH IS HAVING A MENTAL BREAK DOWN!!!"

Great... I'm in for a long night with the moody Beauty Queen.

As I walked up to Katie's door, it quickly swung open before I could even knock. "Why do you have a cell phone if you never answer it?" Katie asked, glaring at me.

"Well, Katie, I have this thing called a job. It's a place where you go and make money to pay bills." Katie rolls her eyes at me.

"Are you going to let me in or do I have to stand out here and explain to you what bills are?" I asked as I glared at her.

She stepped back so I could pass by her. As I walked in, I could see Beth sitting on the couch with a ton of tissues around her and what looked to be two, maybe three empty tubs of ice cream sitting on the coffee. I hope Katie ate one of those. I walk over to her and sit on the arm of the couch. I look down at Beth; her light red hair is pulled up into a messy high bun on top of her head. She has her legs pulled up onto the couch next to her. She looks up at me with red-rimmed puffy eyes making her blue color look even brighter.

"Alright, what happened? Did Miss Florida steal your mascara while on tour or something?" I ask, slightly annoyed with her.

"NO! I caught Robbie cheating on me today."

"Huh, What!?" I look over at Katie, who just nods her head. This is Beth we are dealing with, and she is not the brightest bulb in the box if you know what I mean, so this could be some kind of misunderstanding. "Okay, tell me what happened," I say, gesturing my hand towards Beth.

"Well, I decided to take a red-eye flight to get home a

day early. When I was on my flight, I decided not to tell Robbie I was coming home early to surprise him. Well, I took a cab from the airport to his townhome. I used my key to open the door, and when I walked in, he was screwing some whore bag on his couch." Beth says as she starts crying again.

Yeah well, I guess there's no mistaking that. I look around the room as I'm rolling over in my mind what Beth has just told me. I start getting irritated.

"Alright, get your ass up; if you have to take in all those nasty calories, the least you could do is burn them off in the process. Come on, we are going to the one place I hate going to the most."

"The mall isn't open right now, Blake"

"Ok, then the second place I hate going to... the bar. Now, go change out of those ugly clothes." As she starts to get off the couch, Beth rolls her eyes at me.

"These are Juicy Couture Joggers," she tells me, pointing at the black sweatpants she's wearing.

"I don't care what they are; those are ugly and overpriced"

I yell at her over my shoulder.

I look over at Katie

"Hey, do you have any jeans I could borrow?"

She looks me up and down.

"Yes, I have some jeans and a shirt you can wear too. Because that shirt is fashion suicide, and I'm not going out with you dressed like that. I have a reputation I have to uphold in public and hanging out with someone who dresses in the same clothes as my mother does not work for me."

I roll my eyes and follow her into her room.