

Ch 22 - Need a Definition

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They left the salon after saying thank you once more before heading out. They headed to different stores, finding the perfect outfits for the night.

Calypso figured that they were going to be taking things easy with the kind of outfits the girls seemed to be looking for.

“So Cally, you guys said the big three words huh?”
Ilea smiled.

Calypso blushed. “Yeah! It was just in the moment you know?”

“Aaaaw, but aren’t you guys worried about finding your true mates?” Isla asked.

“We both know that our true mates are out there, and we’ve discussed it. We’ve agreed that should any of us meet our true mate, then we’re going to split on good terms, but I guess with being together the way that we are, love was inevitable. Even if he finds his true mate, I will always love him you know? He’s been a very big part of my life,” Calypso explained.

“Are you sure you’re not attached? I mean what if

you can't let him go?" Ivy asked in concern.

"He'll always be my best friend, and I'll always love him, but he's not my forever," Calypso gave a weak smile. Cassidy remembered the one conversation that the two of them had where Calypso ended up crying because of this very fact.

Cassidy hugged her. "I've already said this to you babe, but I'll say it again. I admire you for opening yourself up like that. Your mate is going to be great, and so will his, but I understand that Channing will always have a special place in your heart."

"That I think we all know! I think we will all kick their mates' asses if they're not up to standard," Isyss joked.

"I will definitely kick hers if she doesn't know what's in front of her," Calypso joined.

"Or him," Cassidy wiggled her eyebrows, making the girls laugh.

They finished up with their shopping trip before heading back to the pack house. They'd already linked the guys and instructed them to keep Channing busy until it was time to leave. Apparently he wasn't too happy about not getting

his girlfriend back, and the girls laughed at his attachment issues.

“Channing is honestly just too adorable for words. I would’ve never guessed that he would turn out like this from the trouble maker in high school,” Isla laughed.

“What was he like?” Calypso asked curiously.

“He was a trouble maker like I said. He hung out with the bad crowd, but at the same time, he was this loner in his own way. He was a complicated person to understand, and that she-devil that always clung to him almost destroyed him, but luckily he saw right through her before she could. Be glad you don’t know her,” Isla told her, shivering in disgust.

“Who?” Calypso queried.

She didn’t know anything about a ‘she-devil’.

Ivy scoffed. “Oh? He hasn’t told you about her? He probably didn’t see the need to since she was such a waste of time.”

“You’re still not saying anything dumbasses! Her name was Tiffany. That girl was a desperate leech

and a bitch. She and Charice were best friends, despite their age gap, so you can imagine what I mean by bitchy. She's one person I hope you never have to run into," Cassidy was the one to explain.

"So, she's an ex from hell?" Calypso asked for confirmation.

"You can't call her an ex because they never dated. She just wanted him desperately but she never got him," Ilea replied.

"Got it," Calypso nodded.

"Well ladies, I believe it's time to get ready to wow the guys," Isla smirked.

They got ready in Isla's room and did each other's hair and make-up, with Calypso requesting light make-up once more. Her hair was curled into big, sexy waves that went together with her fierce look. She looked like a vixen and for once in her life, she felt like one. She looked the part, and she was dressed the part, so she rightly felt the part.

Cassidy mock sniffed. "Alright ladies, it's time for our angel to shine."

Ilea rolled her eyes at her. "You're an idiot Cassidy!"

Cassidy shrugged. "Whatever!"

They headed out of the room, only to hear shouting downstairs. They could distinctly hear the guys shouting, which made them even more curious about why there was so much shouting, until they heard the extra voice. Calypso didn't know the voice, which is why she was even more confused when the girls tensed at the sound of it.

"Speak of the devil and she shall appear," Ivy whispered, though Calypso heard her.

Devil?

"It will NOT go well if you don't leave now," Channing shouted.

"What the hell do I have to fear? I only came here to get what's mine!" the female voice shouted.

"He never belonged to you then, and he doesn't belong to you now," Cassidy said nonchalantly as she and the girls entered the lounge. Without realizing it, Calypso was shielded from view.

"Oh look! It's the wannabe cool girls," the female voice sneered.

Ch 22 - Need a Definition

"Your comebacks were always so lame Tiffany," Ivy mocked. At the name, Calypso herself stilled. 'Really?' she thought to herself.

"I don't care what you think! I'm just here for what belongs to me so that I don't have to deal with you losers any longer!" Tiffany snapped.

Cassidy grinned. "And which hole did you crawl out of this time? Catch any STDs?"

"You bitch!" Tiffany spat. Something in Calypso snapped as her pendant heated up.

"No-one calls my Cass a bitch!" Calypso said with anger she didn't even know she possessed.

Tiffany was confused until the girls moved aside to reveal a girl who she knew was more than she could ever be. She was absolutely beautiful, and she instantly hated her for that. Channing on the other hand was speechless. While he'd thought Calypso was beautiful before she left for the mall, now he had no words.

She was in a stunning tight white dress that ended mid-thigh with lace detail. She was in gold heels and had gold accessories to match. The heels and

Ch 22 - Need a Definition

the dress highlighted her flawlessly shaped legs that he was itching to run his fingers along.

He inwardly smiled when he caught sight of the promise ring he got her sitting on her finger. For that moment, he wished they could forget about their true mates altogether, as well as this situation and just be together.

No words could perfectly describe what he felt and thought of her in that moment.

“Looks like you got a little something to spice up your already hideous group of whackos,” Tiffany commented.

“Your insults aren’t even lame. That’s too high a pedestal,” Calypso taunted. The friends wanted to laugh but held it in as Tiffany fumed.

“How dare you! Do you even know who I am?” Tiffany growled, picking up on the weak presence of a wolf in the girl.

“A desperate whore? A lame insult generator? A cake-face exhibit?” Calypso offered, shocking the friends. They didn’t know that her confidence was THAT peaked. Channing on the other hand was getting surprisingly turned on.

"I could rip you to shreds!" Tiffany shrieked.

"Whatever you need to tell yourself to sleep at night," Calypso said indifferently.

"Where's Charice?" Tiffany suddenly questioned.

"What? You need Mama Bear to come and fight your battles?" Calypso mocked in a baby voice. Tiffany growled and launched herself at Calypso, only to be caught by the waist.

"Let me at her!" Tiffany screamed.

Channing growled, holding onto the crazy girl. "No can do!"

"Aaaaw Chan! You don't want me to hurt her and then have the guilt on my conscience. You're so sweet," Tiffany suddenly cooed in Channing's arms. Everyone was confused by her complete turnaround.

"No, stupid girl! I don't want you to attack her because I don't want her to feel guilty about hurting you," Channing said in disgust as he put her down.

"What? She could never touch me. Stop being

Ch 22 - Need a Definition

ridiculous and let's just get out of here," Tiffany purred. Calypso almost laughed when the guys gagged, Channing included.

He blinked rapidly. "Why would I want to do that?"

"Because you know we belong together and that I can be your everything," Tiffany smiled sweetly.

"I have everything I need," Channing smirked.

"But you're still mate-less!" Tiffany pouted.

"This has been fun to watch and all, but I'm hungry and judging from Cally's stomach, she's right behind me," Cassidy noted, making Calypso laugh.

"Stop listening to my stomach you freak," Calypso she scolded laughingly.

Cassidy shrugged. "Dude, it's better than sitting here and listening to this banshee trying to take your boyfriend. I would rather stab myself with a fork in the eye than take any more of this."

Isaiah smirked, handing his sister a fork. "Here you go."

"Fuck off," she scowled as the friends laughed.

Ch 22 - Need a Definition

“BOYFRIEND?” Tiffany made them jump at the unexpected tone.

“Do you need a definition?” Cain frowned in confusion. Calypso bit her lip to keep from laughing.

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