

Mated in the Shadow of My Sister

Chapter 6: Stolen Identity

(Lily POV)

I arrive back at the pack around 9:00 p.m. on the night before Stephanie's sixth death anniversary. When I pull up to the border gates, I am directed to park my car and exit my vehicle.

The three male guards at the border gates —Marcus, Joey, and Aiden—ask me for my name, which makes me roll my eyes. I went to school with all three of them. I sat next to Aiden in every math class that I took between 7th and 10th grade. Marcus and I were lab partners in science class in 10th grade. And Joey's long-term girlfriend and now mate, Jessica, used to be one of my very good friends before everything happened.

I admit that I look different than I used to look, but I do not look THAT different. My teenage acne is gone; I am a little bit taller and slimmer; my hair is longer; my breasts finally came in; and I no longer bother to wear my glasses anymore. (Once we stopped living in this pack full-time, Rose became a bit more relaxed about that particular precaution. She still will not let me shift around here, though.)

With the exception of the glasses, most of the changes in my appearance have occurred gradually over time. If anyone does not recognize me, it is because it has been a very long time since they have really looked at me.

Then again, I do not know why I am surprised. Unless it was to taunt or bully me, most people in this pack have not bothered to pay much attention to me since Stephanie died.

In a way, I suppose I should be grateful that the three guards do not recognize me. During school, these three were amongst my biggest bullies. I am pretty sure they --like many others in the pack-- believed that mistreating me was a way to earn favor with their future alpha.

For a brief moment -- as I remember some of the bullying I received -- I think about taking advantage of their ignorance and giving them a fake name. It would definitely make my life easier.

Unfortunately, despite the things that people say about me, I am not a liar. Taking a deep breath, I respond honestly: "Lily Donner."

"Lily Donner? Isn't that the name of the Beta's kid?" Marcus asks.

I open my mouth to answer him, but I stop myself when I realize that Marcus is not talking to me; he is talking to Aiden.

“I think so. But this definitely is not her. Better ask for her identification,” Aiden responds.

“Yeah, she looks nothing like the Beta’s kid. I heard the Moon Goddess took away her wolf and cursed her with horrible looks as a punishment for killing Luna Stephanie. The last time I saw her she had massive craters on her face,” Joey offers.

Marcus laughs. "Are you sure those were craters? It might have been spaghetti sauce."

They all start laughing, but I cringe for two reasons.

First, they are referring to an incident during our freshman year in which Joey dumped my lunch all over my head in the school cafeteria. I remember that incident well, not just because of the public embarrassment, but also because I did not have any money left to buy a replacement lunch and I ended up not eating anything for 48 hours because of it.

Second, Joey just called my sister "Luna Stephanie." Is that what pack members are calling her now? I understand that the pack loved my sister, but sometimes I wonder whether this whole damn pack has lost its mind. Have they forgotten that Stephanie and James never actually confirmed that they were mates? And that Stephanie was never actually sworn in as Luna? It seems like every single year that passes, the sainthood bestowed on Stephanie gets a little bit larger. Perhaps next year pack members will begin to believe that Stephanie discovered the cure for human cancer.

Urgh. I know I sound bitter. I feel bitter too.

Marcus turns back to me. “Identification, please.” I hand him my driver’s license.

He looks at it curiously, and then shows it to Joey and Aiden. “Gentlewolves, it appears we have a case of stolen identity. I do think the pretty lady just handed me a fake ID card. It isn't even a good fake; she looks nothing like her license photo.”

Oh, good Goddess. Seriously? My license photo was taken just last year, and it is very much my picture. This is getting ridiculous.

“Of all the identities to steal, why would anyone want to impersonate LILY DONNER?” Aiden asks.

Joey looks me up and down. “Little lady, you must not be from around here, because anyone who has lived in a 50-mile radius of here would know that Lily Donner is the LAST she-wolf you should want to impersonate. In fact, she isn’t even a wolf.”

“Just call Beta Robert, please,” I ask in an annoyed tone of voice.

“Are you sure that is a good idea, pretty lady?”

Marcus rubs his chin and begins to laugh once again. “Actually, maybe impersonating Lily Donner isn’t that crazy an idea after all. I couldn’t blame Beta Robert for seeing this as a good opportunity to upgrade from that defective seed of his.”

The other two join Marcus’s laughter. Again. Do these males have nothing better to do? Their joint laughter is beginning to really irritate me. I am starting to wonder if I accidentally came to a pack of hyenas instead of werewolves.

“Do you remember that time that Sully made Lily eat his ---”

“Call. Beta. Robert. Please.” I interrupt; this time more forcefully because Rose has added a bit of her aura to it. We know exactly which story Aiden is about to tell, and it is one that neither of us want to remember.

“Fine, but it is on your head,” Marcus concedes.

Ten uncomfortable minutes later, I watch as my father pulls up in his car and approaches the check-in station.

Lady Gwen

I have been out of state on a family vacation the past 12 days, but regular updates will start this week!

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