



## The Alpha's Brokenhearted Mate

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### Dance With Me

Alison

Who could have known, I thought, watching from the sidelines, at the very back of the crowd, as they cheered for the Alpha's son and his mate that kissed under the canopy of the large tree in the middle of the compound.

Their happiness didn't take away from the feeling I had within me, the hopelessness, the pain, the abject terror of being the only one who wasn't happy in this joyful event.

The Alpha, heir of the Grey Crescent Pack, my long time crush Logan... and my best friend Selene who turned out to be his mate. And to make this funnier, I wasn't even informed about this until I heard about it in a pack meeting only less than a week ago. Looking at their happiness I could only be filled with bitter resentment.

Selene's mother, a beautiful woman for her age, was smiling from ear to ear and congratulating the lovely couple, and the Alpha was patting his son on the back as well. What a lovely union of families. Was it just me, or everything seemed too frustrating to look at today?

I turned away, before any of them would spot me. My mother had been the one to force me to come here in the first place, and now i regretted ever taking that decision. Seeing the food and drink overflowing, I picked up one of the numerous bottles of mead at the large table set up for the reception and walked away to a corner where I could get some damned peace of mind.

It wasn't long before I became drunk, sipping the wonderful flowing liquid that was like a balm for my soul. The mead really did flow well, I thought, which somehow sounded so funny in my head that I grinned, before bursting into bouts of laughter.

"My mead flowwwsssss," I crooned, thinking of being in a medieval type tavern and dancing around with the love of my life. But not Logan, I sniffed, chuckling mirthlessly. Logan was taken. By my best friend no less.

I sipped some more, not even bothering to pace myself like I had started out wanting to do. I enjoyed the way my stomach burned as the music played and filled the air. It gave it such a sad romantic scene that showed how pathetic I was.

Horrible, Alison. You are horrible, I hiccuped.

"Very horrible," I heard, and turned around, my brows furrowed as I saw a man standing next to me. He had... completed my sentence? I looked him over a bit even though my vision blurred. He looked like someone I didn't know and who didn't know me. I was happy to know that, but who was he? Was he a figment of my imagination?

"Are you a mind reader?" I asked, standing up from where I had crouched, and then stumbling forward. the floor looked so unstable under my feet for some reason and I raised my arms forward, trying to brace myself but then I somehow landed on a warm body.

"Fuck," I heard a deep voice curse. Then I felt nausea like i never had before. I couldn't help the way some of my throw up landed on him as I tried to crouch down to let it all out. I was breathing heavily by the time i was done,

And he was still here. I found myself staring up into the sapphire blue eyes known to man. Very angry eyes, I noted, feeling myself stupefied as he grabbed my arm and raised me back up. His arms were around my waist.

I stepped back and flailed, not wanting to be near him, even though he had somehow helped me.

"You're real," I gasped out, feeling oddly like a fool. He wasn't a ghost or a figment of my imagination?

"And you have ruined my shirt," he growled, and boy, the way he did that left shivers down my spine. I tried to sober up, staring at the red stain on his white button down shirt which framed his toned muscles so well...

"I'm sorry," I muttered. "i didnt... i didnt know..."

"You didn't know?" he chuckled and I felt even worse, wondering why I even came here in the first place. "Why the fuck are you even here getting drunk at a mating ceremony. Are you not happy or do you just have mental issues?"

A choking sob left my throat at his words. Mental issues. Of course. I'm the chick with the mental issues here.

"I'm sorry," I wailed at him. tears that i had been trying to hold inside suddenly were released and spilled down my cheeks. I sniffled; my nose was blocked and I felt so degraded and hurt and angry.

"I'm sorry... I didn't mean to come here to ruin your day..." I choked. "I tried to stay away b-but... I couldn't! Stupid! Stupid Alison!" I berated myself. "I am not happy! I liked him and she knew it! She knew! I thought she was my friend!"

What happened next could only be described as categorically verbal diarrhea. I don't know why but I found myself spilling everything to this stranger who didn't know or care about me in the slightest. But I felt the need to. Why? I didn't know. I just... I just wanted someone to understand for some reason.

And despite my craziness... he stayed and he listened to me.

And when I was done, my throat was tired and all that was left from me were sniffles, I expected laughter, or even mocking words. I knew I would deserve that at this point.

"Get up," was what I heard instead. I looked up clearly to see his hand reach out to me. "Get up, now."

I took the hand, standing slowly on unsteady feet. I would have fallen on my ass but instead I ended up leaning on him, my head finding a home on his chest.

I felt his chest vibrate as he huffed.

"Listen, girl, I don't know who you are, but you need to stop feeling sorry for yourself."

"Alison," I mumbled. "My name is Alison."

He chuckled, a low baritone that made something stir within me but I couldn't place that. "Dimitri," he responded. "and I will be your escort for the evening."

A giggle left my lips. Escort, he said? It was much too funny to my ears right then.

"Dance with me," I said to him in a none too pleading tone.