

The Alpha's Captive Mate - Chapter One by Aryna Stan

Chapter One

"Mom? Ava is coming over." Kris reminded his mom, she lived with him because really Brooke wouldn't live anywhere other than where her only son was, although she was young enough to live her own life.

"Of course I know that, she just called me." Brooke said with a happy smile, her honey blonde hair up in a lazy ponytail, yellow sundress draping over her slender body. "Shouldn't you be getting ready to leave for the brief meeting you have?"

Kris made a face at this. "I wish I didn't have to."

Brooke smiled warmly at this. "But you were so excited for it yesterday."

Kris pushed his blond hair out of his face, blue eyes sad. "But now Ava is coming over and I'm starting to question if having a job is even worth it anymore."

"Kris." His mother called his name in a warning tone.

Kris laughed at this, raising both of his hands in surrender. "I know, I'm going now." He admitted.

He was truly excited about the launch of the new product by the company he worked for, as the newly appointed marketing manager, there was no way he could skip out on it.

He would just have to cross his fingers and hope that he came back in time to catch a glimpse of his blindingly beautiful girlfriend...

"Why can I still hear you bumping into things in the house?" Brooke called from where she was in the kitchen, preparing a big brunch for Ava's visit.

"Oh, you hear that now but you don't hear me asking you a question from a different room." Kris accused his mother.

Brooke wandered out to the living room with a spatula in hand, giving her only son a patient smile. "Go to work, darling."

"Fine, since you are so eager to see me leave." He agreed grudgingly, coming over to give his mother kisses on both of her cheeks, still grumbling. "I know that it is just so that you and Ava can gossip about me."

"I assure you that we have much better things to talk about." Brooke replied with a straight face.

Kris placed a hand over his heart, shock expressive on his gentle, handsome face. "You could have just said that you didn't, mom, you didn't have to hurt me like that."

Brooke just shook her head in exasperation. "Seriously, you make me have to chase you out of the house each time you have to be at work."

"That's because I love my mom so much that I don't want to leave her." He replied sweetly, grinning at her.

"Kris." She warned again, sighing in relief when this time he snatched up his briefcase and made his way out of the house.

She watched him go with a soft sad smile, proud of the man her only baby had become.

After watching him get into his car - just to confirm, she would not put it past him to get distracted by checking up on her flowers in the garden.

She drifted back to the kitchen, the savoury smell of freshly cooked food permeating the house.

She had thrown open the windows, it was a Saturday so naturally, the house needed enough sunlight and who was she to deny that.

The porch doors had been thrown open as well, sunlight streaming in.

Not long after, she heard footsteps in the living room and a wide smile broke up on Brooke's face, she could already tell who it was.

Ava was the only other person who had full access to the house, Brooke thought it was the best idea ever, she still thinks that now.

"Hi, Brooke!" She poked her head full of soft brown curls into the kitchen, a pure smile on her soft, chubby.

"Ava dearest, come on in." Brooke invited, already warmed up by the presence of the wonderful Omega.

The sweet scent of sugar and lilies preceded her entrance, briefly overwhelming the prominent smell of food.

"I just saw Kris leave in his car, he didn't see me though..."

"Good thing." Brooke muttered to herself under her breath, knowing what would have happened if her son had caught a glimpse of his girlfriend.

"...and he looked so good in his suit..."

"He had better." Brooke said, quickly packing up a picnic basket while inwardly smiling about how this wonderful creature was so in love with her son.

She would have preferred they got mated and exchanged rings immediately but they had wanted to take things slow, Brooke would respect that.

"I ironed that suit, what else does he want to be doing but be looking good in it." She teased, a serious expression on her face.

Ava laughed at this, throwing her head back, her curls bouncing.

"Here, let me help you with that." She offered, already moving to help the older lady.

Brooke graciously accepted her help, leaving her to finish packing up the picnic basket while she went over to the fridge to get out the drinks.

Discreetly, she eyed Ava who hummed to herself as she got busy, dressed in loose, blue jeans and a little, soft brown top with lacing around the edges, her bright green eyes sparkled with happiness.

"Why don't you take the picnic things out? Let me freshen up a bit." Brooke decided when they had both worked together to make the kitchen decent enough, already taking her apron off, deft fingers working blindly behind her.

"Of course." Ava beamed, picking up the basket to make her way to the garden through the porch. "I'll get everything ready while you make yourself pretty." She added, already heading out of the kitchen.

No doubt so that she could already have the picnic ready before Brooke came out.

Brooke smiled graciously, accepting Ava's offer because it would make the younger Omega happy, who was she to deny that?

She drifted deeper into the house, she just needed to run a brush through her honey blonde hair and touch up her lip gloss.

She peered at herself in the mirror, her contacts were in so she decided to take them out, cooking with her glasses on meant that they fogged up at the most unlikely moments, she would rather avoid that if she could.

In no time she was all freshened up and ready to go out back to join Ava, she didn't want to keep her waiting for too long.

She stepped down the stairs with a smile, her sundress billowing around her, white sandals adorned her feet as she watched Ava who hadn't noticed her yet, prepare a little bouquet from her garden for her.

She looked so happy, bending over carefully, bare feet in the grass.

A little distance away, the picnic blanket was already set on the ground.

"Oh! Brooke, I didn't see you there." Ava turned around in slight surprise when she noticed Brooke, holding up a small bunch of columbines, daylilies, geraniums and daffodils, a columbine was tucked in her hair.

"Sorry if I startled you."

"Not really." Ava shrugged, coming over to offer the flowers to the older woman.

She was so happy that in addition to finding the love of her life, she also found a good friend and caring mom, this meant a lot to someone like her who grew up in the system.

"Why thank you." Brooke appreciated with a smile, taking the lovingly cut flowers.

She was truly happy about the flowers because they were from Ava, it didn't matter that they were from her garden.

"I need to put these in water right now." She said spinning around to go back in the house with them.

Ava smiled so hard, her face almost hurt. It was always that way whenever she came over or she was around Kris or his mom, they gave her the concept of family and she would be forever happy and grateful for that.

"So how is your new book coming along?" Brooke asked when they were settled on the picnic blanket.

Ava was a writer, a small-time writer but writing made her genuinely happy and to Brooke, that was all that mattered so she made sure to schedule picnics every weekend to get her out of her small apartment where she was always holed up, hunched over her laptop and not getting to eat good enough in Brooke's opinion.

"Really good, I finally had a breakthrough on a particularly difficult scene to write." She explained openly, it was always easy to talk about anything with the older woman.

She usually got defensive about her writing to anyone else when they started to pry but not Brooke, she would even discuss her ideas with her which came in really handy because Brooke helped her make major decisions even though she wasn't a writer or a particularly avid reader.

"So I should be done in about a week." She did not add that she would not be writing any new books for a while because of her impending engagement to Kris, they had both wanted it to be a surprise to his mom.

"That is such a relief, you deserve a bit of rest after this book, it was the hardest I've ever seen you write." Brooke said seriously, remembering all the nights Ava had called her near tears.

She knew all that the talented Omega needed was someone to listen to her and offer support and she was all in for that.

"I must have been such a bother to you, Brooke." Ava chuckled nervously.
"Calling at midnight to cry to you about how I jumped headfirst into a plothole and how I would have to delete thousands of words."

Ava smiled warmly. “You are never a bother, Ava, I was happy to help.” She shrugged. “Kris never lets me baby him anymore, who am I to take care of then?”

Brooke carefully served Ava on her plate, making sure to pick the best parts for her, not to mention enough of the best parts.

“Brooke, I’m going to get uncomfortably fat if you keep feeding me like a horse at each picnic.”

Brooke snorted. “I wish, you’re all bones.” She complained, reaching forward to brush her knuckles over Ava’s protruding collar bones. “Kris is going to be unhappy if he sees you this way, I’m quite sure your diet the past week consisted of cereals, chips and fruits...”

Ava winced at this, thinking maybe she should have kept her mouth shut because Brooke would keep scolding her for not taking proper care of herself while piling food high on her plate.

Brooke wasn’t wrong though, sometimes she forgot to eat entirely, especially when she had a burst of inspiration and creativity, her sleeping schedule was a hot mess so she kept quiet and let Brooke baby her.

It was no surprise when after the large meal after they had cleared up the empty plates and bowls back in the basket that she curled up on the blanket with her head on Brooke’s lap, falling deeply asleep.

Brooke smiled at this, gently pushing a hand through her hair, she could see faint eye bags underneath the younger Omega’s eyes so it was no surprise that eating so much had knocked her out.

They were in the shade so there was no fear of the sun making their positions uncomfortable, Brooke had foreseen this so she had brought out a book to keep herself busy while Ava slept.

It was so peaceful out in the back gardens, butterflies making their occasional appearance to flutter between the flowers, the soft grass under the blanket made it twice as comfortable to be on so she was sure that Ava wouldn’t get stiff from sleeping on it.

This was the highlight of her week because after Kris had gotten a job, he had made her stop working, insisting that she had been the one to single-handedly take care of him and it was time for him to take care of her.

Brooke hadn't minded working but it made Kris happy to see her just sit in the house and do whatever she wanted, she had drawn the line though when he wanted to hire a maid, other than Ava, no one else was allowed to take care of her son.