

Alpha's Claimed Mate

Chapter 4

NATALIE

“ I am going to die. ” I deadpan.

My wide eyes glare at the mark on my neck. For once, I rub it as hard as I can to get rid of it idiotically even when I know that this mark is engraved not into my neck, but my soul now.

“ You are not going to die. ” Giana rolls her eyes, sighing.

“ NO! That man was not my mate and he had marked me...which means I am going to die. ” I gulp.

Tears well up in my eyes after I imagine my life ending because of this one mistake.

I have heard about this a lot. If someone who is not your mate, marks you without your consent, then you die in twenty four hours. It happens suddenly and you don't even get the time to think about anything before you are gone, forever.

“ You are not getting sick or anything. You don't look like you are dying either. ” Anne inspects me before coming to her own conclusion.

“ Are you two not worried even the slightest bit for me? What if your speculations turn out to be fucking wrong and I really die after twenty four hours pass? ” Tears start flowing out of my eyes, tracing my cheeks and dropping down from my chin.

Anne and Giana exchange a worried glance. Opening the doors, they both step out and come in the back seat to hug me from both sides.

“ You are not going to die. I won’t let you. ” Anne whispers in my ear, consoling me.

“ What the hell am I supposed to tell — tell Enzo now? That I slept with a random stranger and he marked me and I am going t—to die? ” I sniff, placing both my hands on Anne’s arm which is placed around my shoulders.

“ You don’t need to tell him anything yet. We have to figure this out first. ” Giana heaves a heavy breath, saying in a strange irritated tone.

“ Who was this man? You really don’t know? ” Anne pulls away, gazing at my tears stricken face.

I take in a shaky breath, recalling his face, his tattooed body, the power he oozed. Everything was...memorable about him. I gulp at my weird thoughts and shake my head.

Giana wipes my tears with her fingertips, giving me a concerned look.

“ He gave off an Alpha’s aura. And he was old — much older than us. ” I reveal.

Giana’s jaw hangs low and Anne mirrors her surprised expressions.

“ You are mated to an Alpha? ” Anne squeals in awe.

“ I am not mated to him. I am going to die. ” I shriek, beginning to sob again.

“ I don’t want to die. Not before getting my wolf at least. All my life, I have waited to have my wolf and now, I am going to die? This seems so unfair to me. ” I place my hands over my face, crying out in annoyance.

“ Why are you so sure that he is not your mate? ” Giana sighs heavily.

“ Because I am ENZO’S MATE! ” My voice grows in volume.

“ Why don’t you both ever believe this? Why do you hate Enzo so much? ” I hiss, wiping my cheeks.

Anne and Giana exchange one of their famous mysterious glance once again.

“ Stop looking at each other and tell me the reason please! ” I plead.

“ Natalie. ” Anne exhales softly. “ Enzo believes you are his mate. He can be mistaken. You shouldn’t believe him unless you feel the bond yourself. ”

“ Have you ever even felt attracted to him? Have you ever felt any kind of sparks? I am sure it’s possible to feel the connection even if you don’t have a wolf. ” Giana adds in a shrilly tone.

I rake my fingers through my tangled hair, thinking back to every moment that I have spent with Enzo.

“ It’s true that I have never felt any kind of connection with him but he said...I am his mate and he sure as hell was not lying to me. ” I reject the idea of Enzo deceiving me.

“ We are not saying he was lying. We are saying that he might be mistaken. ” Anne and Giana exchange that sneaky glance again.

I glare at both of them, one—by—one. “ How do you get mistaken about being someone’s mate? ”

The question renders Giana and Anne speechless. We all look at each other in complete silence.

“ I feel like you two are hiding something from me. ” I mumble, forgetting about everything else for a moment.

“ What did this Alpha look like? ” Anne changes the topic, opening the car’s door and getting out.

“ You haven’t answered my question. ” I point out.

Giana follows Anne and they both go back to the passenger and driver seat silently.

“ We need to find this mate of yours. ” Giana nods her head in determination.

“ He is not my mate. ” I mention, frustrated out of my mind.

“ I would like to see you denying this when you don’t die tonight. ” Anne rolls her eyes, starting the engine.

“ But what if I die tonight? ” I rest my head against the seat and stare ahead.

I am going to die. I know. That man...His eyes flash before my eyes as I think about him...He was not my mate. He can never be.

Giana and Anne don’t answer me and ignore my existence for the rest of the way back home.

Our pack — the North Forest Pack is situated on the outskirts of the city. It’s a small town...It won’t be wrong if I say this. We keep away from the humans usually, because we don’t want them to know about our existence. It’s the same for all packs, but ours is the second strongest pack in the world of werewolves while the strongest pack is the Night Walkers Pack.

Anne parks the car outside my double storey house. It’s painted white, inside out, making it look elegant but bland.

I step out of the car, looking around to see if anyone is around. It’s the usual time for pack training and for school so I don’t really see anyone.

“ Let’s go in before someone sees you. ” Anne grabs my arm, pulling me towards the main door.

Giana brings out the keys from my purse without even asking and unlocks the door.

My heart skips a beat while my palms begin to sweat.

Please, please, please Moon Goddess...Don't make me run into Mom or Dad or Emilie.

I step inside the house and instantly walk towards the stairs to disappear down my room before any member of my family catches me.

“NATALIE WHITMAN!” Mom shouts from the kitchen.

My soul departs from my body and my feet freeze on the first stair. Shivers start running up and down my body.

Unconsciously, I lift my hand and raise the collar of the shirt to hide the mark on my neck. She will kill me if she finds out I got marked by a random stranger.

“WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN FOR THE WHOLE NIGHT?! DID I NOT SAY YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO GO OUT?!” She comes out of the kitchen, screaming at me all the way.

“Mrs. Whitman. We took her with us. It's not her fault.” Anne tries to defend me.

“Anne and Giana, Darling.” Her tone softens. “I am talking to my imbecile daughter. I would suggest you two head back home after this long night.”

My face heats up in embarrassment. My fingers tighten around the railing as tears threaten to spill out of my eyes.

“Right, Mrs Whitman.” Giana mutters in disappointment.

I can hear both of them rushing to the door because my mother asked them to get the fuck out, too politely. The main door opens and closes.

“ If disgracing us with your birth and your presence was not enough...now you are going out and sleeping with random men? ” Her voice sounds closer than before.

Of course. She sensed the unrecognisable scent on me. I gulp the lump in my throat and turn around, only to find her right behind me.

“ I...”

A harsh slap which lands on my left cheek, shuts me up from saying anything further. I place my hand over my cheek, casting my eyes down.

“ Emilie always said you were a slut! I should have believed her sooner. ” She barks in my face, fisting my hair and pulling my face closer to her.

I close my eyes, inhaling a deep breath. It’s normal, it’s okay. I want to tell myself these words as always, but all I can do right now is to pray that she doesn’t see the mark over my neck.

“ You don’t have a wolf and everyone already wants you gone from here. Now you want them to find out that you are sleeping with men who are not even from this pack. Are you so eager to get us all kicked out of this pack?! ” She leaves my hair with a jerk, hissing at me.

“ I am sorry, Mom. ” Tears begin to slide down my cheeks.

“ Get the hell out of my face and don’t come down for the rest of the day. I don’t want to see you! ” She yells at me.

I don’t waste a moment in climbing up the stairs and running straight for my room, crying.

Dying tonight...doesn’t seem like a bad idea anymore. If Mom tells Dad, he will kill me with his own hands.

~S.Y

Hey sweeties! Please spare a moment and leave a review for this book if you like reading it. Thanks! ❤️📖

| 99+