

Matthew: Chapter Two

Matthew

The anxiety I felt as I paced my bedroom was starting to get to me. My wolf was going nuts, sure that my mate was nearby, but all I could think about was Jocelyn.

If I followed where Axle wanted me to go then I could just kiss the last two years I had with Jocelyn good-bye. I loved her with all of my being.

I was sure, without a doubt in my mind, that when Jocelyn turned eighteen and got her wolf that we would have been fated mates. I had even stood at the edge of the forest where I had seen her run into and waited for her to return so that she could scent me as her mate.

We were both devastated when it didn't happen. I promised her that night that I would reject my mate for her. She went as far as to tell me the same thing. I took her virginity that night. If I was a normal wolf I would have marked her as my chosen mate that exact night, but being the Alpha's son, I had a reputation to uphold.

Axle growled at me to stop thinking about her. He was p*ssed off at me because he could feel our mate nearby and I was forcing us to stay put and not nd her. I gulped down my third glass of scotch since I felt the pull and slammed it down roughly on my bedside table.

I had been with Joss earlier in the day, before the anxiety had kicked in. Every time I was with Jocelyn I fought myself to not just mark her. I had almost done it this afternoon. Axle had loved her wolf just as much as I loved Joss until he had felt her. Why now?

I didn't feel anything this morning when I woke up and did my daily patrol. Everything had been so normal. Nothing was different. We didn't get any new arrivals from neighboring packs or anything. After I had left Jocelyn to train with my chosen beta, her brother Joshua, we had been in the pack house gym when I felt the shift in my body. It sort of felt like a magnet trying to force me to follow the pull.

I knew my mate was here somewhere. Parts of me yearned to go to her, but I just couldn't. My promise to Jocelyn was the only thing holding me back from following her intoxicating, oral scent.

I picked the bottle of scotch up from my bedside table and cursed. It was now completely drained. If I left my bedroom now would I still smell her?

Ofcourse you would, Id*ot. You're the next Alpha of the Blue Crescent Pack. Your senses are getting stronger because you can feel her. Axle snapped at me in my head.

I growled, pulling a hand through my hair and decided then and there that I would have to go nd her and reject her quickly so that I could get back to Jocelyn. I wouldn't be able to let Joss know that I had found her. She'd go crazy with jealousy. She wasn't very level headed when she caught other she-wolves looking my way. The only she-wolf she ever even let around me was her nerdy little friend, Elena.

Elena was just about the most annoying little thing around. She was always around. Jocelyn and I rarely had any alone time because her little pet, Elena, tagged along wherever we went. She was always carting around a tiny, black notepad and pen to write s**t down that she found interesting. I loved Jocelyn but she really needed new friends.

Her main focus since I had met her was mating bonds. I had a feeling she obsessed over the subject because her father had left her mother for his fated Mate.

That's why I had to reject whoever I was fated to. I didn't want Jocelyn having to be met with that. I followed the scent of roses all the way across the pack house in the Beta quarters. My heart began pounding a million miles a minute.

What if it was just late? What if Joss was my mate? It would be unheard of, but crazier things have happened, right?

The mouthwatering scent ended right in front of Jocelyn's bedroom door. I could feel my wolf jumping around excitedly because she was here. I straightened my t-shirt and patted down my hair. I shook my hands, nervous but excited. I sighed with contentment as I opened her bedroom door.

Forest green eyes met mine and my wolf was exulted to nally meet his other half.

Mine! Mate! Mine!

I stood on the spot, shell shocked. I felt my smile falter and I grit my teeth. It couldn't be. Elena Evans? What. The. Actual. F*ck.