

How to Find a Mate Stories

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Chapter 1

Zoey stood outside the pack event hall with a mixture of anxiety and excitement.

She could hear the loud music from inside and the noise of everyone chatting and flirting with the hope of finding their mate.

She took a deep breath before pushing her way through the double doors of the event hall and into the chaos. Zoey could barely hear herself think.

The room was packed to the brim with wolves from all over the area hoping to find their destined mate.

Twice a year the packs get together to host a big party where all of the unmatched wolves who are of age are thrown together with the hope of getting them paired off.

It was a big thing and every girl Zoey knew was obsessed with the idea of their mate. It was all they thought about, all they spoke about. It made Zoey want to vomit.

Zoey had just turned twenty-one a week ago. She knew most of the people here were crazed because they had been searching for far longer.

As she made her way through the crowd, Zoey smiled as she found her friends Macy and Trevor standing in a corner.

“Can you believe this? You’d think they would hide some of the desperation,” Zoey said as she turned back to the full room of wolves.

Macy laughed. “Well, some of us WANT to find our mate and live happily ever after.”

Zoey shrugged. “I’m not against finding a mate. I’m against this...” she said as she pointed to a couple of wolves grinding explicitly on the dance floor.

Trevor winced. "Babe, at least they have the chance at finding a mate. And at least they are enjoying themselves.

"Quit being a killjoy and help me find some drinks to hopefully wipe this night from our memory."

Zoey chuckled. "Oh hush, you'll find a mate." She gave him a wink before taking his hand as they walked toward the bar.

They leaned against the end of the bar, chatting lightly and making fun of random people in the room as they sipped their drinks.

"Zoey?"

Zoey coughed on her drink, surprised anyone was actually speaking to her. She turned around with wide eyes as she saw the man standing before her.

"Jason...uh...hi. How are you?" she asked, suddenly feeling warm as she looked into his eyes.

"I'm great. Glad to see you here. I had hoped to see you actually!" he smiled, clearly hoping for something that wasn't there.

"Yeah? Well, it's good to see you," Zoey smiled.

Jason stepped forward and took her hand. "Zoey..." he said almost in a whisper, his body a little too close. He looked down into her eyes, praying for that spark, for that mate bond to click.

Zoey pulled back, taking her hand from his. "Jason, have you met my friends?" She turned around, internally thanking the heavens that he wasn't her mate.

"Trev, Macy, this is Jason. A...friend. From high school," Zoey said hesitantly, reliving her high school days in horror for a moment and the fact that she had dated him.

"Oh! Jason. Heard a lot about you," Trevor chuckled as he shook Jason's hand.

Zoey turned to Macy, her face paling as she looked at her friend. Macy just stood there silently, her eyes locked on his face.

“Mate,” she whispered.

“Oh my gosh,” Trevor said loudly.

“Oh my gosh,” Zoey repeated as she watched her friend step toward Jason.

“Mate,” Jason whispered as he took her hand. They stood close, staring into each other’s eyes as the mate bond began forming. They walked off, leaving the room to get some quiet privacy.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Zoey huffed as she watched them walk away. “It can’t possibly be that easy. They don’t even know each other.”

“Well, one down, two to go,” Trevor winked before leaning back against the bar.

“Yeah...” she replied quietly as she looked out at the dance floor full of people dancing and flirting and hoping for that pull.

Marcel walked in and the whole room froze. It wasn’t every day that an alpha’s son came of age.

He took a deep breath, bracing himself for every she-wolf in the room to crowd him with the hope of becoming the next Luna.

He gave a charming smirk as he walked through the crowd, making sure he made eye contact with every cute girl he could find. If he had a mate, she better be up to standard.

He danced with a few girls, leaving them disappointed that they weren’t his mate and the future Luna of his pack.

He turned around to find a beautiful girl standing off to the side, surrounded by males hoping to get some time with her. He approached her with a grin, extending his hand to her as they locked eyes.

He spun her around the dance floor, her curvy body pressed against his as they moved. It was a pity she wasn’t his mate. She was exactly what he was looking for.

Suddenly, he caught a scent—it was intoxicating and overwhelming. He released her, kissing her hand with the promise of returning.

As he pushed through the crowd, he could smell it. It filled the air, above the smell of the crowd. It smelled of spiced apples, and he knew what it meant.

Somewhere in this room was his mate. His senses narrowed as he walked around, zeroing in on her. He was on the hunt and he was going to find her, as if he was on autopilot.