

How to Find a Mate | Chapter 1 - 2

Kelsie Tate

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.

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Chapter 2

Marcel finally found her, tracing the scent around the room until he made it to the bar.

Just from the back he knew he wasn't going to be happy with what he'd been given. She was thin and her dress was nice, but he could tell she was a lower rank.

"Great," he huffed before stepping forward.

Zoey had her back to the dance floor, no longer interested in watching random wolves grope each other. She talked with Trevor, enjoying the evening with her friend and the endless fruity drinks.

She gave Trevor a puzzled look when he suddenly stopped speaking mid-sentence and lowered his head. "Alpha Marcel..."

Zoey straightened, turning around with her head lowered in submission. "Alpha Marcel," she said quietly.

She looked up at him after he didn't answer. Her eyes met his and she knew. She could feel her wolf Dara dancing in circles.

"Mate," she whispered in disbelief. How could she possibly be Marcel's mate?

He gave a low growl before taking her hand and pulling her through the crowd. She was much prettier than he had assumed. Her curly blonde hair was wild and her deep hazel eyes were stunning.

She didn't have as much curve to her as he liked, but she was lean and tall, her blue dress forming well to her body.

He walked out of the event hall, his wolf still running in circles at the fact that they'd found their mate.

She yanked her hand back as they made it outside. "Please let go!" she huffed, rubbing her wrist as she stepped back.

"What is your name?" he spoke low.

"Zoey. Zoey Grey," she replied, her mind still a jumble as she tried to process the fact that she had actually found her mate.

He stood tall. "Well, Zoey Grey, do you think you have what it takes to be a luna?"

Zoey shrugged. "I'm not sure. I've never been a luna before."

Marcel gave an unamused growl before stepping closer, his body forcing her against the side of the house.

He breathed deeply, her scent filling his mind and making his wolf wild, begging him to just take her right here and mark her.

"I guess we'll find out then, won't we?" he replied before heading back inside.

Zoey stood frozen against the wall.

I can't believe our mate is an alpha! He's so handsome! We're going to be so happy! Dara sang as Zoey continued to stand there in shock.

"I guess we'll find out then..." she whispered before finally gathering her wits and heading back inside.

Zoey walked back inside slowly, her mind and body in shock as she began processing the fact that she had found her mate.

That he was an alpha. That she was going to leave here tonight to a new pack, a new home, and that she would be a luna.

"Zoey!" Trevor hollered as he pushed past people inside, making his way out of the event hall. "Girl, tell me it isn't true! Are you about to be a luna?!"

Zoey shrugged. "I guess so."

Trevor shook his head. “How the hell do you find an alpha mate the first time you come to a mating party? I’m so jealous!”

He hugged her tightly before pulling back, gripping his hands on her shoulders. “Let’s go get you packed. I can’t imagine an alpha likes to be kept waiting,” he winked.

Trevor practically dragged her out of the pack house and to her little home she shared with her mother down the road.

“An alpha?!” her mother hollered in shock as she dropped onto the couch. “How did you get an alpha?!”

Zoey shook her head. “Beats me! I didn’t even think I’d find a mate tonight. Heck, I was *planning* on not finding a mate tonight.”

“Well, what’s he like?” her mother asked as she and Trevor leaned forward, hoping for juicy details.

“He’s...intense,” she said quietly. “Honestly, I don’t really know. I guess I’ll find out.”

Trevor smirked. “Ugh. He’s drop-dead gorgeous, brooding, charming, intense, mysterious. Pretty much the whole package!”

Zoey smiled. At least someone was excited. She wasn’t sure that she or Marcel were excited about this match.

She handed her bags to one of Marcel’s men before walking around the side of the car.

“Are you ready, Zoey Grey?” Marcel asked, his scent feeling weirdly off as she stood beside him.

“Yes, are you?” she asked, giving him a sidelong glance. She couldn’t tell what was different, just that something was off.

She shrugged, chalking it up to being tired and having such an emotional night.

She climbed into the car, Marcel sitting beside her in the backseat as the car moved forward to take them to his pack.

Zoey sat silently, not sure what to say to him. She took a deep breath, knowing they would need to break the ice sometime. "So, can I call you Marcel?"

"I suppose," he replied quietly as he looked down at his phone.

"Okay, Marcel," she continued. "Tell me about yourself."

Marcel looked up and gave her a sarcastic glare. "Small talk? Really?"

"I'm sorry, would you rather sit in silence and never get to know each other?" Zoey asked with a huff.

Marcel's eyes darkened, displeased at her response.

"Little wolf, you and I are mates. That's all there is to know. Let's just get back to the pack and get this all over with. You'll have plenty of time to get to know me."

Zoey looked down in submission and mild disappointment. "Yes, Alpha."

He let out an exaggerated exhale, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"I'm sorry, Zoey. I didn't mean to snap at you. Let's just make a deal that we won't force this thing. If it works, it works. I need a Luna and apparently you are it."

Zoey turned toward the window so he wouldn't see how hurt she felt. "Okay," she whispered, letting the silence grow between them.

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