

How to Find a Mate |

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Chapter 3

As they stepped from the car, Zoey looked up at the pack house. It was nice, with white siding and a large front porch. When they walked inside, they were immediately greeted by Marcel's parents.

Alpha Julian was a tall, largely built man with dark features. He was wearing an expensive-looking suit. He stepped forward formally, his mate following behind him.

"Zoey, it's lovely to meet you. We are so glad Marcel found a...mate." He paused, looking her up and down as though inspecting her.

"My mate, Luna Jennifer, will show you to your rooms and help you get prepared."

"Prepared?" Zoey said curiously, looking up at Marcel.

He looked down at her, his face without emotion. "Just go with Luna Jennifer."

Zoey bowed her head and followed the woman upstairs. She was short and thin, her clothes also expensive, her blonde hair expertly styled, and her nails nicely manicured.

As they entered the room, she turned to Zoey.

"This is the suite you'll be sharing with Marcel. Place your things here in the bedroom. Not that you'll be needing them. You'll be receiving a new wardrobe."

"What? Why?" Zoey asked as she followed the Luna into the bedroom.
"What's wrong with my clothes?"

"We just have a higher standard here set for the Alpha and Luna. We will take the next few weeks teaching you the proper procedures."

"Oh. Okay," she replied quietly, wondering where the hell she had just been sent.

A while later there was a tap at the door and Jennifer opened it, letting in a group of professional-looking wolves.

“These will be your personal stylists. You will do as they say. We want you...looking your best. I’ll be back in a few hours to check on the progress.”

Zoey turned to her in shock. “A few hours? What are they—”

“Just sit down, hun, we’ll do the rest,” one of the wolves grinned sweetly.

“Okay...” she replied quietly as she watched Jennifer walk out the door.

One of the stylists stepped forward. Zoey looked up at him, his silver eyes taking in her every feature. “Hmm, we’ll need to do everything. You all know what to do.”

Zoey watched as the group dispersed, each preparing a corner of the room for some odd treatment. The man turned her toward the mirror with a small grin.

“I’m Gerard, your personal stylist. I will see you every morning and for every special event. We’ll be getting to know each other very well.

“I have a list of suggestions from Marcel, but if there is anything that you don’t like, just tell me and we will make adjustments. It’s nice to meet you, Miss Zoey.”

Zoey gave a quiet smile. “Thank you, it’s nice to meet you, too.”

“This will be a bit intimidating, but I promise not every day will be like this.”

She took a deep breath before someone took her hand and led her to the bathroom, where she was given a hot bath filled with nourishing oils and salts.

They gave her a nice massage—and then came the torture. She yelped as each strip of wax was pulled, clenching her fists as the stinging pain subsided.

She limped back to the chair, Gerard grinning as he tried not to laugh. “Right, next is brows, hair, nails, makeup.”

Zoey sat as she was plucked and pulled, her curly blonde hair tamed into barrel curls and her nails manicured to perfection.

Four hours later, after being plucked and waxed and primped every which way, she stood in front of a mirror in a nice floral dress that hung just above her knee.

Zoey stared in the mirror and hardly recognized herself.

"You look perfect," Gerard beamed. A moment later Marcel and Alpha Julian walked in, with Jennifer trailing behind them.

"Well, that is a big improvement. Wonderful work, Gerard," Julian said as he walked around Zoey, inspecting the girl.

Marcel stood there quietly eyeing her. She looked up at him, her senses being filled with his smell of musk.

"Well, Marcel? What do you think?" Julian asked, turning to his son.

"It will be fine," he said quietly before leaving the room.

Zoey watched him leave, a mixture of confusion and disappointment filling her mind. Did she really look that horrible before?

She pulled at her hair, missing her long curly locks. She had never liked how heavy it felt when it was anything other than her natural hair.

Julian turned to Zoey and said, "You will be spending your days with Luna Jennifer to learn the ropes of living in First Moon Pack and the role of being Luna."

"Yes, Alpha," Zoey said softly.

"Welcome to your new home, my dear," he offered with a grin before leaving her alone in the room.

Zoey let out a huff as she sat on the bed, wondering how she was ever going to adjust to a life like this.

In the evening she walked downstairs, uneasy about meeting her new pack and as well as about her new mate. She had hardly spent any time with him, and when she did, he barely spoke.

"First Moon, we would like to welcome Zoey Grey, mate to our own Alpha Marcel!

"We are so glad she is here, and I want you all to make her feel welcome," Alpha Julian announced as everyone gathered in the common area for pack dinner.

He was smiling but Zoey could tell it was forced, as though it was annoying to have to interact with the commoners.

She gave everyone a smile and a shy wave before taking her seat next to Marcel. He was talking with a few of the male wolves and stopped, turning to her with an odd look. "Yes?"

Zoey gave him a sidelong glance. "Excuse me?"

"Can I help you?" he grumbled.

Zoey narrowed her eyes at him. "No, I'm fine, thank you." She stayed there, silently eating her food as he stared in shock at the defiant little wolf beside him.

At the end of the evening, Zoey walked back up to their room, exhausted from the extremely charged day.

She quickly changed, throwing her hair up into a knot on top of her head as she climbed onto the bed.

She leaned against the headboard and let out a tired sigh before opening up a book to relax her mind before bed.

When the door flew open, she looked up with surprise. Her surprise left as quickly as it came when she saw it was Marcel.

"Good evening, Marcel," she said softly, looking back down at her book.

He stood in the middle of the room, his chest heaving from his anger. "You. You will never speak that way to me ever again."

Zoey looked up from her book with confusion. "Speak to you how? I've barely said two words to you."

"At dinner. How dare you embarrass me and challenge me in front of the other wolves!" he growled.

Zoey set her book down and scowled at him, bewildered at the audacity of this man. "First of all, I sat next to MY MATE. And you acted as though I had the plague.

"Second, if you're going to speak to me that way, I'll give it right back. If you were looking for some meek little she-wolf to follow you around, you have the wrong girl.

"I will not dull myself just because you feel uncomfortable."

Marcel charged forward, taking her arms in his tightly. "You will watch how you speak."

Zoey looked up at him, fear entering her eyes as she saw the darkness in his.

KILL HIM! RIP HIS DAMN HEAD OFF! Dara yelled in Zoey's mind, angry that their mate was being so harsh.

She lowered her head, knowing she wasn't about to win this fight. "Yes, Alpha."

He stepped back, straightening his shirt collar. "Good. Now we have pack business tomorrow and you will behave yourself."

"Yes, Alpha."

Zoey laid in bed later that night, Marcel sleeping heavily beside her. She hoped it would get better, that this was just because it was new and they were both uncomfortable.

But right now all she could see was a future of submissiveness, a future with a mate who couldn't care less.

She wiped a stray tear that dared to fall down her cheek before closing her eyes and drifting off to sleep.