

# **My Hockey Alpha #Chapter 291 - Read My Hockey Alpha Chapter 291**

## **Chapter 291**

Chapter 291: Every Occasion Ready For a Funeral

Nina

The next morning, Enzo and I woke early to go to my sister's funeral.

The Luna had no funeral. I couldn't decide if that made me feel good or bad, though. It seemed as though she had no real family, no one who cared that she had died. Even my father seemed completely unfazed by her death, and seemed more relieved than anything. I guessed that it was the mark of a truly bad person, for someone to only have people be relieved by their passing.

Selena's funeral was small, too. As we arrived at the burial site, which was just a little ways behind the mansion down a path in the woods, it was only the three of us: my father, Enzo, and myself. Aside from us, there were only a few of my father's guards and an older man in green overalls with a shovel in his hand and dirt on his face. My father introduced him quietly as the groundskeeper for the mansion, but didn't say his name. The groundskeeper said nothing.

My father had picked out a beautiful coffin for Selena. It was almost a cherry red color, with ornate edges and a delicate wreath of flowers on the top. I had only been to a couple of funerals in my life, but it was always shocking how small the coffins could be. Selena's was especially small, seeing as how petite she was. If I had died alone with her, there would have been two small coffins.

As we paid our respects to my sister, the wind blew uncontrollably overhead and rustled the treetops. The pointed peaks of the pine trees swayed in the violent wind, and even where we stood in the forest below, my hair whipped around in my face. The sky was gray and overcast, and it was darkening by the minute. It was certainly going to rain soon. I couldn't help but think that it was my sister's farewell; a raging tempest, coarse winds and cold fingers. It was fitting for her, I thought.

My father, after a long time of silence, finally walked forward to stop beside her coffin. He laid his hand on the wood and held it there for a while with his eyes closed. No one said anything, and neither did he. There were no words of farewell, no grandiose speeches or anything of the sort.

A while later, my father finally stepped away from the coffin. He turned his back to us and turned his face up to the sky; I could tell that he was hiding his tears. After all, he

had lost not only his first wife, but now one of his daughters. Now, it was just the two of us. No one was left in our family.

While my father stood stoically with his back turned, I walked up to Selena's coffin and placed my hand on it. I adjusted the flowers, which had fallen crooked from the wind, and blinked back my own tears.

"I'm sorry that we never got to be friends," I whispered, knowing that my words wouldn't be heard by anyone except for myself over the wind. "But... Thank you. Your sacrifice won't be forgotten."

As I finished speaking, a particularly strong gust of wind suddenly blew through the trees and sent the flowers scattering to the ground. I had to stifle a laugh; of course she hated the flowers. I didn't bother picking them up, and instead returned to Enzo, who just stared ahead silently at Selena's coffin. I was sure that he had a million things floating through his head; he had, after all, known Selena for weeks and had spent a lot of time with her, despite the fact that it wasn't of his own accord. But he didn't say anything. He just put his arm around my shoulders as I stopped beside him.

After that, the groundskeeper sullenly walked over to the coffin. One of the guards helped him lower it into the ground with ropes, and then the groundskeeper began to shovel dirt into the grave. That was that; it was over. It was a short funeral, but I liked to imagine that Selena wouldn't have minded that. But, at the end of the day, I didn't really know her. I only knew the version of my twin that the Luna created.

My father didn't turn around until the coffin was already covered in a thin layer of moist dirt. By then, a freezing rain had begun to fall and little crystals of ice were forming in my hair and in my eyelashes. He

walked over to me with his hands in his pockets, and lowered his gaze to meet mine. His eyes were red.

"Y-You said you have another question," I said quietly.

He nodded, swallowed, licked his lips, and then nodded again. "Yes. Are you going to stay, now?"

I glanced up at Enzo, who just stared back at me silently. "Um... I think so," I replied. "For now, at least..."

My father shook his head. "I meant permanently," he clarified, his voice low and gravelly and barely audible over the howling wind. "I have this big mansion all to myself, and believe it or not, I won't be remarrying," he said with a sardonic chuckle. "It's going to be awfully lonely. You two can stay, if you want. I'd like to have you here. Both of you."

As my father presented me with this proposition, my eyes widened in surprise. I looked up at Enzo again, who seemed almost as shocked as I felt. I had intended on staying for a few days or so, but not permanently... I had a home, a school, friends, a job to get back to. Living in the Alpha King's mansion had never even come close to crossing my mind. But at the same time, it felt safe here. It was comforting to be near my father, and I wanted to get to know him.

"Um... I need to think about it," I said, lowering my gaze to the ground. "Is that alright?"

"Of course." My father nodded. "Take all of the time you need to decide."

I looked up at Enzo then. His grip tightened around my shoulders, and there was a new sadness behind his soft brown eyes. I realized at that very moment that this decision wasn't entirely my own to make. Enzo was my mate, and we would need to make this decision together. And already, part of me knew that Enzo wouldn't want to leave Mountainview; we still had too much to do there, and already I

had created an image in my head of the two of us living by the ocean together once everything was really over, maybe even in his father's home.

My father, without a word, patted me on the shoulder and began to walk back to the mansion. I looked after him for a moment, watching as the guards filed out behind his large, hulking form. When I looked back at my twin sister's grave, the groundskeeper was still shoveling dirt onto her coffin with beads of sweat already forming on his wrinkled face. And I looked up at Enzo then, whose gaze hadn't wavered from me for even a single moment.

"Let's go for a walk," I said.

## **Chapter 292**

### Chapter 292: The Moon's Clarity

Nina

"Let's go for a walk," I said to Enzo. I nodded my head toward the forest, past where the groundskeeper was filling in my twin sister's grave with moist dirt. Over our heads, the wind was howling fiercely and the sky was darkening at a rapid rate while a freezing, sharp rain was beginning to fall.

Enzo looked a little surprised at my request to walk in this weather, but he didn't protest. "Lead the way," he said. I took his hand and led him past the groundskeeper, into the thicker part of the woods where the wind and the rain were less prominent. It felt a little silly to be walking through the woods in that weather while wearing a simple black dress, which had actually belonged to Selena, but I felt too compelled to walk and I didn't want to go back to the mansion.

“Where do you want to go?” Enzo asked curiously.

I shrugged. “Nowhere in particular. I just want to think clearly.”

My father had just presented me with the option to stay in the werewolf realm and live in the mansion permanently. If I lived there, I knew that I wouldn’t have any worries for the rest of my life. All of my needs would be well taken care of, I would never need to worry about money again, and I could always be near my father. However, it wasn’t home. Mountainview was my home. It was our home; mine and Enzo’s. I didn’t want to leave my friends, my town, or my campus just yet. And I was certain that Enzo felt the same way.

We walked for a long time in complete silence, holding hands and listening only to the wind whistling overhead and the trees creaking against one another. The frost that lay on the hard ground crunched lightly beneath our feet, and altogether these sounds created an oddly comforting chorus of noise.

I didn’t keep track of how long we walked for. It felt like hours, but neither of us cared. As werewolves, the cold didn’t bother us very much. In fact, the cold made me feel invigorated and free, and filled me with an overwhelming urge to shift. Beside me, I could somehow sense that Enzo wanted to shift, too. It almost felt as though our wolves were sniffing each other out and urging each other to come out and play. It was an odd feeling, but a strangely happy one on such a sad day.

At one point, we came to a small stream in the middle of the woods. The water was frozen, causing the rocks to look slick and shiny in the dim light. As it flowed downwards, the little waterfalls that were once there in the warmer weather were now frozen in time, like little white drips of wax sitting on the side of a candle. I imagined that this would be a nice spot to sit and read during the nice weather; and somehow, as I stood there and looked around, I suddenly got the sense that Selena did just that while she was alive. It was as though our twin bond gave me the ability to sense her energy here. I closed my eyes for a moment and imagined her laying on a blanket in the forest with books surrounding her. Not much was known about Selena and her real interests, but I liked to imagine that she was an avid reader. She probably spent a lot of time reading romance novels, which was why she was so taken with Enzo and adamant about making him her mate. She seemed like the type to romanticize things in her life, despite the fact that the Luna was secretly controlling every aspect of it.

But, once again, I didn’t know anything about Selena. I only ever saw flashes of her true self come out when she occasionally broke through the Luna’s spell. Other than that, the Selena that I knew was just a fabricated image, a facade. A puppet to do the Luna’s bidding. And yet, in the end, she still managed to break through it and stop the Luna, even if it ended in her death.

Suddenly, I felt Enzo’s arm slip around me. His hand slowly slid up the side of my shirt and ran along my skin; not in a sexual way, but a comforting and loving way. He had

hardly spoken all day, but his touch gave away all of his emotions. I could tell that he was more deeply sad about Selena's untimely death than he let on, but that he was also deeply relieved that everything was over — for the most part. For us, it was over. My father would handle the Crescents. Perhaps Enzo could eventually get his

revenge on Lewis for disrespecting his father, but other than that, we didn't have any part left to play in this. It was time for a real army, my father's army, to take down the Crescents. Now, we could just go back to being normal college students, just like I always wanted.

That was, assuming that I chose to go back to Mountainview.

As much as I loved Mountainview, there were a lot of horrible memories there. Every way I turned, I saw the horrors of what had happened that semester; I saw Edward, Tiffany, Justin, Lisa, Ronan. I saw the blood-soaked floors of the hockey arena after the rogues broke in. I saw all of the needless fights that I had with Enzo. I saw Richard's weak, dying body laying in Enzo's arms in the forest. In a way, moving to the werewolf realm was a way to have a fresh start. I would visit Mountainview, of course. But maybe it was best for it to be just that: a place to visit.

Enzo ran his finger along my waist again as we continued to stand there and look down at the frozen stream. I shivered slightly beneath the cold touch of his fingers, and looked up at him in the low light.

"It's been six hours," Enzo said matter-of-factly.

My eyes widened. "Six hours?" I asked. How had we been standing here for six hours? It hardly even felt like twenty minutes.

Enzo just chuckled and shook his head. "Grief does funny things to supernaturals like us," he said quietly. As he spoke, I looked up to see that the sky was indeed dark now, and the tempest had ended. The forest was quiet, no longer filled with the sound of the whistling wind. In the sky, dark gray clouds floated lazily across the yellow full moon — the moon that was always full in this strange place.

And as I looked up at the full moon, I felt that the urge to shift was even stronger now. As I looked up at the moon, I felt the urge to run freely through the woods before I could bring myself to return to the mansion and give my father my decision.

"What do you say we stay out a little bit longer?" I asked Enzo, feeling a smile begin to spread across my cold lips.

He grinned, and we began to shift together.

## **Chapter 293**

## Chapter 293: Snowfall

Nina

When I looked up at the full moon peeking out from behind the clouds, I felt an overwhelming urge to shift.

Even though we had somehow been standing in that spot for hours without realizing it, I wasn't ready to go inside just yet. I still had a decision to make: would I return to Mountainview, or would I stay with my father?

"What do you say we stay out a little bit longer?" I asked Enzo.

Enzo grinned and nodded. We shifted together into our wolf forms. Our human forms twisted and turned into wolves, our skin turned into fur, our eyes glowed. We looked at each other for a few moments, taking in one another's non-human appearance as our newfound vigor and strength flowed through us. Then, with Enzo in the lead this time, we leaped off into the darkening forest.

We ran for a long time without stopping, just feeling the cold air rippling through our fur and the sensation of freedom in our legs. The forest smelled thickly of pine and the air smelled as though it was about to snow any minute. As we leaped over fallen trees and small gullies, there was no destination in mind; we just wanted to run. We wanted to run freely, with no shackles holding us down, no fear, no pain. It felt good, yet oddly strange at the same time, to run without having to worry about running into battle or being chased by the forces of evil.

At one point, we broke through the woods to find ourselves in a large, open field that was surrounded on all sides by trees. Grinning, I dashed forward, feeling Enzo nipping at me from behind, and we raced around the field with wild abandon. We tumbled on the ground together and play fought, nipping at each other's fur as our own human laughter echoed in our heads. It still felt almost unnatural to speak

without really speaking in our wolf forms, to communicate telepathically, but something about it also felt beautiful. To be able to communicate without having to say a single word out loud only made me feel even more connected to my mate, and I loved every second of it.

Finally, once we were out of breath and panting, we stopped play fighting and running. We began to walk alongside each other, brushing up against one another, and walked back into the woods, back in the direction that we came from. By now, a light snow had begun to fall. The dark green branches of the pine trees started to become covered by a light white dust, brightening the entire forest. I hoped that it would snow heavily, that it would blanket Selena's fresh grave, that we would wake up to several feet of snow outside in the morning and that the snow would be piled so high against the doors of the mansion that we would have a good excuse not to make our choice yet. But I knew that



my friends were waiting for me back in Mountainview, and the choice needed to be made.

Eventually, we returned to the little frozen stream and shifted back into our human forms. There was a large boulder on one side of it, and we sat down on it together. Enzo wrapped his arm around me as I leaned my head on his shoulder.

“Have you made a decision?” Enzo asked quietly as he looked up at the sky.

I shrugged. “I don’t know... On one hand, I want to be here, amongst other werewolves. I want to be near my dad. I want to get to know the place that my mother and my sister used to know so well. I want to start fresh and put all of the horrible things that happened in Mountainview behind me... But at the same time, I love Mountainview and I love our friends. They’re my family, too. I don’t know if I can leave them.”

Enzo was silent for a long time. With the snow falling around us, the forest was completely silent. I always found it so peaceful when it would snow. The way that the world fell silent when it snowed, as though the earth went to sleep, was a welcome distraction from the noise. I just wished that my brain felt just as peaceful and quiet as the forest did.

Finally, Enzo shifted in his spot and shook his head thoughtfully. “You know, when my dad first told me that we were leaving the werewolf realm and that we were going to live in Mountainview, I was furious,” he said with a bit of a chuckle. “I loved it here. The thought of living with humans made me sick. I felt like a prisoner.”

“Really?” I asked, looking up at him. “You’ve never told me that before.”

Enzo nodded. “Yep. I wanted to die, honestly. My dad made me have a relationship with Lisa to get a positive influence at the school, and it made me hate the place even more. It left me with a bad taste in my mouth about shallow humans, about human society... But then I met you.” He looked over at me then, and his brown eyes sparkled with the reflection of the falling snow. “You changed that for me, Nina.”

My eyes widened slightly. “Why?”

“Because.” Enzo looked back down at the ground. His cheeks looked a little rosy, although whether it was from the cold or from sheepishness, I couldn’t tell. “You showed me that humans are amazing, and they’re strong, and they’re loving. You introduced me to people who I never would have even spoken to otherwise. You showed me that a pack doesn’t need to just be wolves, so long as the people in the pack care deeply for each other... And now, I don’t think that I could imagine a life outside of Mountainview anymore.”

As Enzo spoke, I felt my heart begin to race. I pictured all of the times that we were saved by our friends, all of the times that we laughed and danced with them. I

remembered our camping trip as clear as day, when we played spin the bottle around the fire and when Lori and Jessica kissed for the first time and when we hiked up the mountain together. Even despite the incident with K and the fact that James eventually turned out to be a traitor, I only thought about the good things about that trip. I wanted more of those trips.

Suddenly, I stood and looked at Enzo.

"You're right," I said. "I can't imagine a life outside of Mountainview, either."

Enzo's eyes lit up slightly, although I could tell that he was trying to hide his excitement in order to not influence me one way or another. But it was too late; I had already made up my mind.

"So, we're going home?" he asked quietly, standing and looking down at me.

I nodded, feeling my eyes fill up with tears. But they weren't tears of sadness; they were tears of joy. I took Enzo's hand and smiled up at him, then began to lead him back to the mansion to tell my father about my decision.

"Yes," I said. "We're going home."

## **Chapter 294**

### Chapter 294: The Decision

Nina

"I've made my decision," I said as I stood in front of my father.

We were in my father's study, which was lit by a few small lamps and a fire in the fireplace. My father was seated in a tufted armchair by the fire and leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, staring solemnly into the fire. There was a somber elegance about him; he was incredibly handsome and looked young for his age, but his dark brown, almost black eyes showed years of pain behind them. He had salt-and-pepper hair that was somewhat long and pulled back into a knot at the nape of his neck, but some shorter pieces fell forward into his eyes. He had a slight beard and mustache, but I could still see the lines around his mouth from age. Around his eyes, he had wrinkles as well, but his wrinkles didn't make him look very old. I knew that he was over fifty years old, but he didn't seem like it; it made me wonder if werewolves led longer lives than humans.

Around us, the walls of the study were lined from floor to ceiling with bookshelves. There were rolling ladders attached to the shelves that could be moved around to reach the high spots, since the ceilings were very high. But despite the high ceilings, it was a cozy room with soft chairs, plush rugs, and it was very warm.



“And what is your decision?” he asked, tearing his sad eyes away from the fire to look up at me, his only surviving daughter and the last member of his family.

I felt a bit sad about giving him the news. Of course I wanted to stay with him and get to know him, but I had a home in Mountainview and friends who would miss me. I knew that if I stayed here and never returned to Mountainview, I would never really feel at home here.

“I’m going to go back to Mountainview,” I said quietly as I fiddled nervously with my hands in my lap.

My father nodded grimly. He didn’t seem mad — just a little disappointed. I knew that he would be lonely here.

“Alright,” he said, managing a weak smile at me. “Are you sure that’s what you want?”

I nodded. “Yes,” I replied. “I want to stay here with you. I really do. But... I have a life in Mountainview that I can’t leave behind. Enzo and I...”

“I understand,” my dad said gently. He reached over and patted my knee comfortingly, then stood and walked over to the fireplace. I watched as he crouched down and moved the logs around with the iron fire poker, causing the flames to jump up and create sparks. Even crouching, he looked like a large man. “If you want to stay in Mountainview, then I’ll support that,” he said. “I’d like to see you finish school there. I know you’re an excellent student, and I hope you know that I’m proud of you.”

My dad’s words made me smile. At the same time, however, I felt a pang in my chest because Selena was going to be a student there, too. She never got much of a chance.

“We’ll visit, of course,” I blurted out. “I can open portals. I’ll visit as much as I can.”

My dad chuckled. “It’s alright if you don’t visit. I know how busy you are. You’re a young woman with a whole life ahead of you... You don’t need to worry about your old man.”

“But I will,” I said quietly. I stood and walked over to the fire and placed my hand on my dad’s shoulder. “I want to get to know you.”

For a few moments, my dad and I just looked into the fire together. Finally, he stood and towered over me. There was a gentle smile on his face as he tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. “You act like your mother,” he said quietly. “I can tell that you’re very kind, just like she was.”

Hearing my father compare me to my mom made a tear come to my eye. I quickly turned around and sat back down in my chair, blinking the tears away.

“Sir,” Enzo suddenly said. He was leaning on the desk behind us, and had been silent this entire time. But now, he straightened and looked at my father with a lot of respect. “Mountainview is still dangerous,” he said. “The Crescents still have their leader. They have a lot of the Fullmoons on their side now, too. My father’s beta turned to their side when he...”

“Yes.” My dad nodded grimly and stared down at the floor. “I’m sorry about Richard. He was a good man.”

A silence fell over the room. I looked up at Enzo from my chair to see him swallow hard and clench his jaw before he finally spoke again. “Will you send help with us?” he asked. “With Nina’s antidote and your men, I don’t think that the Crescents will be a problem for much longer.”

My father chuckled. “Don’t worry about any of that, son,” he said heartily. “You two have already done enough. I’ll handle the rest from here on out—”

“Save Lewis for me, then,” Enzo suddenly interrupted, his voice so low it was almost a growl. “I want to take care of him myself.”

My eyes widened as I looked up at Enzo. There was a fury there in his eyes that he had been hiding this entire time, but now I knew that it had been bubbling beneath the surface the whole time. As the flames from the fire flickered across his handsome face, he looked powerful and sure of himself. I could tell that both my father and I knew that there would be no convincing Enzo out of the decision that he had already made inside his head.

Slowly, my father nodded. “Lewis is all yours,” he said quietly.

...

The next morning, my father sent Enzo and I on our way. The snow hadn’t fallen nearly as much as I secretly hoped it would during the night, leaving just a light white veil over the landscape.

My father gathered several of his best guards to send with us. He promised that, within the week, he would be sending his army after the Crescents. He said that the war was almost over; between his army and my antidote, the Crescents would be crushed faster than I had imagined. But either way, he still insisted on sending guards to keep watch over me. It felt strange and uncomfortable, but I obliged, more so for Mountainview’s protection than anything else.

Before we left, however, I noticed that Enzo and my father exchanged some secret words between just the two of them. I was standing by the swirling portal that I had opened, and couldn’t hear them over it. All I saw was my father nod, smile, and slap Enzo heartily on the shoulder before sending us both on our way.

The last thing I saw before stepping through the portal with Enzo's hand in mine was my father, waving, with a smile on his face.

And I could have sworn that I saw the faint, ghostly images of my mother and Selena standing behind them. They were smiling, too.

## **Chapter 295**

### Chapter 295: Return of the Princess

Nina

When we came out on the other side of the portal, we found ourselves standing in the middle of the athletic field where we had last gone through. The campus was alive with activity, and I could see students rushing around as they packed up their vehicles to go home for winter break.

The war was mostly over, after all. The Crescents had retreated to the place where they had set up their headquarters, and as Enzo and I walked back to campus with my father's guards at our heels, I quickly began to realize that it was safe enough outside of Mountainview for people to go home. Since the end of the semester had come around, it seemed as though many people were itching to get home to their families, who were no doubt worried about them.

As Enzo and I walked across the quad, however, I started to notice something else: people were giving us and our guards odd looks, as though they were completely confused as to why we had guards with us. I looked up at Enzo, who seemed just as baffled as I felt.

"Why does everyone seem so confused?" I asked quietly as I looked around. "It's like they don't have any idea..."

Suddenly, I heard a voice coming from behind me.

"They don't remember," Jessica's voice said. Enzo and I whipped around to see Jessica and Lori standing behind us, along with Matt and Luke. Before anything else was said, before I even thought to ask what she meant, all of us hugged tightly. I felt tears well up in my eyes as I hugged my friends.

"I'm so glad it's over," I whimpered as I hugged Lori and Jessica tightly. "I was so scared for you two..."

"We were scared for you, too," Lori said. "But now, we don't need to be scared anymore."

I stifled a chuckle and took a step back, wiping my eyes. ‘What did you mean when you said-“

‘They don’t remember,” Jessica repeated. “Did Enzo not tell you?”

I looked over at Enzo then, who looked utterly dumbfounded. Neither of us had heard a single peep about anything that involved people’s memories. I felt initially worried that the Crescents had done something bad, but none of my friends seemed concerned about it. Both of us shook our heads, and Jessica laughed. “I guess the news didn’t make it to you somehow,” she said. “I’m assuming that Enzo was glued to your side while you slept, so maybe he didn’t get the news from your dad. But your dad sent a few witches with us. Really powerful ones. They wiped everyone’s memories of all of the shit that went on this semester. The whole island’s memories got wiped. It was quite an interesting ritual, actually.”

My eyes widened. “I had no idea,” I said. “So everyone doesn’t remember anything?”

“Nope.” Lori chuckled. “Everyone except for us had their memories altered. To them, it was just another normal semester.”

‘What about the recruits?” I asked, feeling even more confused. “We still need to give them the antidote. That’ll be difficult if they don’t understand what’s going on.”

Matt shook his head. “It’s already been done,” he said. “We gave most of the recruits the antidote as soon as we returned. Although some decided that they wanted to stay as werewolves and join the pack... I told them that they’d have to talk to our Alpha, of course, but they promised not to mention everything that happened to anyone who did have their memory wiped. Maybe tonight, we can initiate some new members. What do you say, Enzo?”

I looked over at Enzo then. His brown eyes were wider than I expected, and his mouth hung open slightly from the shock of it all. Neither of us had any idea that my father had sent such powerful witches to accomplish a task that huge, but I was relieved in a way. I supposed that it was within my

dad’s best interests to keep the werewolf realm a secret; after all, it had always been that way for the most part. In fact, now that I thought about it, it made sense that no one except for Enzo and the other werewolves remembered the last fight between the Crescents and the Fullmoons twenty years ago. They must have had their memories wiped then, too, to keep the peace.

At the very least, I was glad that my friends remembered. Without their support, I wouldn’t know what to do with myself.

That night, we threw one last party at the cabins. Jason and his hockey team, who had been temporarily staying in the cabins along with the men that my dad had sent with

them, built a massive bonfire that practically reached up to the treetops. Copious amounts of food and alcohol were brought by everyone, and soon enough it was just like the parties that I used to attend with Lori and Jessica before any of this happened. And with the remaining students who didn't remember the events of the semester, who thought that it was just like any other normal semester, it really did feel just like a regular college party to close out the semester and the end of the year.

However, there was still the issue of initiating new people into our little pack. As it turned out, several of the recruits did in fact refuse the antidote. Jason and his team wanted to join as well, and now it was only up to Enzo whether they joined or not.

While the party raged on and our classmates got increasingly drunk around us, all of us stood around one of the cabins discussing it and waiting for Enzo to make his decision. Enzo was inside the cabin, thinking by himself. He had been in there for quite some time, and I was debating going in there to check on him when he suddenly came out with a grin on his face and a beer in his hand.

"I've decided," he said, holding the beer up to our little group. "The more the merrier."

Cheers erupted over our group, but were quickly drowned out by the loud music of the rest of the party raging on behind us. We all raised our glasses and drank to our little pack growing in size.

I looked up at Enzo as he stood at the top of the steps. His soft brown eyes focused on mine. In the light of the fire, they began to glow red. I felt mine glow too, a bright purple color. He held his hand out for me and I took it, and we kissed at the top of the steps, right in front of everyone. When we pulled away, I felt my face go red, but at the same time I felt happier than ever.

Now that everything was over, I felt overjoyed. Mountainview was safe. Our entire island was safe, and I was embracing my mate by the light of the fire while my friends danced and drank and laughed below me.

I just hoped that it would stay that way, and that we could keep peace in Mountainview from then on out.

## **Chapter 296**

### **Chapter 296: The School Doctor**

Nina

Even though most of the students went home to their families, I decided to stay on campus with my friends for winter break. I still wanted to work on the antidote every chance I had, just in case it would be needed to finish taking down the Crescents. At least, that was what I told myself and everyone else; but I secretly just wanted a reason

to be in the infirmary even though there were no sick students on campus to take care of.

Being in the infirmary made me feel close to Tiffany. With each passing day, I missed her more and more, and I wished that her body could have been found to at least give her a proper burial. I hated what the Crescents did to her, and no matter what, I would never forgive the people who killed such a sweet and kind woman.

It wasn't long before I eventually became the new school doctor, just like Tiffany. The dean still hadn't found a viable replacement for her, and so one afternoon, I finally marched into the dean's office to give her my speech.

"I want to be the official school doctor," I said firmly, to which the dean raised her eyebrows and looked at me over her glasses.

"You have school to worry about," the dean said. "It'll interfere with your studies, won't it? Besides, you don't have a medical license yet."

Even though the dean's skepticism made my heart sink, I had come here with the intention of standing my ground on the matter, and I did just that." I've been working in Tiffany's place for weeks now," I said. "I trained closely with her all semester, up until she..." My voice faltered. I quickly blinked back my

imminent tears and cleared my throat. "Anyway, I think I'm more than qualified. You know that I'll stay here when I graduate, and you won't need to worry about finding anyone else."

The dean set down her paperwork and took her reading glasses off. She looked at me for a few moments, studying my face, before she finally nodded.

"Alright," she said. "But only part-time while you're still in school. If your grades start to slip, I won't let you do it. Deal?"

"Deal," I said with a grin.

The next day, I woke up early to get to the infirmary. Enzo and I were sharing his dorm by now, and we started waking up earlier every morning to head out together. While Enzo would be practicing in the hockey rink, I would be studying in the infirmary. Every so often, we would convene in one place or the other for a quick few minutes of passion before we parted ways again and went back to our respective talents. While I was studying to get ahead of my work for the upcoming semester, Enzo was training harder than ever because he wanted to become the official hockey coach; not just the captain until he graduated, but the official coach for the foreseeable future. I could see him making the perfect coach, too. He was firm and didn't go easy on anyone, but the time spent training the recruits had taught him a valuable lesson in guiding with a gentler hand, and it seemed to follow him in his practice.

That day, I was sitting at Tiffany's desk and going through a Chapter in one of the textbooks that I had purchased early for one of my classes for the next semester. I had a cup of coffee beside me, and although my eyelids felt heavy, it was a good sort of sleepiness. Before, I had felt exhausted from too many things going on and from a lack of sleep from nightmares or anxiety. But now, I was just exhausted from staying up late and studying, and it was the sort of exhaustion that filled me with happiness.

Suddenly, however, I heard a crash behind me. I jumped up, knocking my coffee cup over, then swore as I sent coffee spilling all over my desk.

Cursing repeatedly under my breath, I quickly grabbed a handful of paper towels and began to sop up the brown liquid before it got everywhere.

When I finally looked for the source of the crash, I found it.

It was Tiffany's picture. It had fallen off of the wall and the glass had shattered all over the floor.

As I bent down to pick it up, I had to blink away tears. Thankfully, the photo wasn't damaged and I could replace the frame, but the principle of the photo falling down made my heart ache. It was as if the glass shattering also shattered my heart just a little bit more.

But as I picked up the broken pieces of glass, I noticed something poking out from behind the backing on the frame. Frowning my brow, I gently picked up the piece of paper that was sticking out.

It was a folded up piece of lined paper. My eyes widened as I saw what was written on it.

'To Nina.'

Forgetting entirely about the broken glass, I slowly unfolded the paper and began to read what was written inside.

"Nina... I'm writing this on September 28th, just a couple of weeks after you joined me here in the infirmary. When – or if – you ever find this, it might be for a multitude of reasons. Maybe I'm gone, for some reason. Maybe I left Mountainview to finally travel to Paris. Or maybe I got impatient and gave this letter to you, and I'm watching you right now as you read it. Either way, it doesn't matter. I know that you're special, Nina. There's so much that you don't know yet about the world, but I know that by the time you read this, you will have learned it all. I may not be magical or very special in any particular

way, but I can see potential when it's right in front of me, and you're full of it. Whatever happens over the coming months or years, I just hope that it all works out for you. I



hope that you find happiness and peace within yourself. I hope that you gain confidence and pride in yourself. Most of all, I hope you know that I love you, and I think you're amazing. And whether I'm nowhere to be found, or whether I'm in Paris, or whether I'm sitting right in front of you while you read this, I hope you know that to me, you're the daughter that I always wished I had. You remind me so much of your mother, and I'm so glad that she sent you to me. Love, Tiffany."

By the time I finished reading, tears were streaming down my cheeks. A sob leaked out of my mouth and filled the silence as I sat on the floor and leaned back against the metal cabinet behind me.

"I love you too, Tiffany," I whispered through my tears.

In a way, I felt as though she was there, as though she heard me just then. Maybe the picture falling to reveal the letter was pure coincidence, or maybe it was a message from her in the afterlife.

Either way, as I clutched the letter to my chest and sobbed openly on the floor of the infirmary, I felt Tiffany's presence more than ever. And I was glad that I had met her, too.

## **Chapter 297**

### Chapter 297: The Ring

Enzo

When Nina and I went to my father's abandoned home, there was something I didn't tell her.

In fact, there was something that I didn't tell her about when we were staying with the Alpha King in the werewolf realm.

As soon as Nina and I marked each other, I knew that I needed to marry her. I didn't know exactly when it would happen, but I knew that it would happen soon. And when we visited my father's house, I found something that made me want to make it happen sooner rather than later.

I went upstairs to look around briefly. Of course, the entire house was completely ransacked. I didn't know what Lewis and his lackeys were looking for, if anything; it almost seemed as though they were just trying to humiliate my father and be disrespectful of him, of the place that they called home for years. It made me sick to see all of the broken furniture, scattered belongings, and shattered pictures.

I never cared much for that house. Without my mother's touch, it was a gloomy and boring house. It was never a home to me; but still, it hurt deeply to see the place

ransacked, especially by the person who was supposed to be supportive of my father from the beginning.

Quietly, I made my way into my dad's room. Of course that room was destroyed, too. It seemed as though they had taken special care to destroy his bedroom. The mattress was completely off of the bed, the curtains were torn down, and the window that looked out over the ocean was shattered, allowing a cold wind to blow in. His closet was completely torn apart, and the drawers to his dresser were pulled out with their contents dumped all over the floor.

I shivered as I walked over to where the contents of the dresser were scattered on the floor.

Like Lewis, I was looking for something; but we were looking for two completely different things. While Lewis was likely looking for money or paperwork, if he was even looking for anything in particular, I was just looking for something small. Something precious.

And I found it, after getting down on my hands and knees and groping around beneath the dresser.

It was in a little velvet box. My dad had kept it perfectly after all these years; he was more sentimental than he always let on. After my mom died, he took it off of her finger and put it away. At the time, I hated that he did that. I hated that he took my mom's jewelry away from her. He always told me that she would want me to have it someday, but I didn't understand it at the time.

Now, however, I understood it perfectly.

I opened the little velvet box that held my mother's engagement ring. There was a small note inside from my father that simply read: 'To Enzo: I know you will need this someday. Make sure that the girl you give it to loves it just as much as your mother did. -Dad'

It wasn't flashy, nor did it have a large diamond. In fact, it didn't have a diamond at all. The stone was a fire opal, which was my mother's favorite gem. Sighing, I took it out of the little box and held it up to the waning light that was coming in through the large broken window, and turned it back and forth to see how the light made the opal shine and sparkle. It was on a thin silver band with no other ornamentation, and as I held it up to the light, I thought to myself that Nina would love it. I was sure of it.

Downstairs, I could hear Nina shifting around. If I didn't get back down there soon, she would probably come looking for me. I placed the ring back in its little velvet box and pocketed it before I headed back downstairs and took Nina home.

On the ride home, I couldn't get the image of my father's house out of my mind. I kept thinking about the broken photographs, the dull gray color of the walls and the dim light.

But when I found Nina, she was standing there and she was a splash of color against the gray. She wasn't dull. And for some

reason, no matter how much I had always hated that house, I thought to myself that I could learn to love it there if Nina was there with me.

Of course, we immediately ran into trouble as soon as we arrived at home. My mother's engagement ring sat steadfastly in my pocket throughout the entire battle. For the two days that Nina slept, I stayed awake by her bedside and felt the ring in my pocket. Every so often, I would take it out and inspect it in the firelight, then quickly pocket it again when I thought that Nina was going to wake up.

Throughout the entire funeral, I kept touching the ring inside my pocket. A few times, I thought for sure that Nina would notice me fondling it. I thought for sure that she would get curious and reach into my pocket herself to see what was in there, but thankfully, she didn't notice.

When we ran through the woods together after the funeral, I debated proposing to her then and there several times. But at one point, just as I was about to pull the ring out, I suddenly realized something.

I wanted to talk to her father first. Out of tradition, I wanted his blessing.

And so, just as we were about to step through the portal and return home, I finally worked up the courage to ask him.

"Sir," I said, taking him aside while Nina stood by the portal, "may I ask you something?"

"I know what you're going to ask," he said quietly. I felt my face go red, but there was a twinkle in the older man's eye. With a grin, he gripped my shoulder and nodded. "I would be honored for you to marry my daughter."

And now, here I was; standing next to the bonfire with Nina in my arms, with all of our friends dancing happily nearby, and my mother's engagement ring in my pocket. The war was over, and although we

had lost a lot along the way, we had also learned a lot about ourselves and about each other. There was beauty in that.

I felt Nina's arms slip around me as she swayed gently to the music. She was drunk; her face was red and her eyes were sparkling as she looked up at me. Without a word, she stood up on her tiptoes and kissed me deeply and wetly, no longer caring who saw us kiss because we were mates now and not just fickle college kids anymore who got too tangled up in a one night stand.

When our lips parted, I couldn't help but smile down at her. I reached out and cupped her cheek. She leaned the side of her face into my hand and gazed up at me, and that was when I knew that it had to be tonight. The ring in my pocket was too heavy now.

"Hey," I said, running my hand along one of her long, silky raven braids, wanna go for a run?"

## **Chapter 298**

### Chapter 298: Proposal

Nina

The music was loud around us, and the firelight cast shadows of my dancing friends on the walls of the cabins. We were all thoroughly drunk, and for the first time in a long time, I was glad to be. Smiling, I stood up on my tiptoes and kissed Enzo, and when our lips parted he cupped my cheek with his warm hand and gazed into my eyes.

"Hey," he said, taking one of my braids between his fingers and looking intently at it in an almost bashful way, "wanna go for a run?"

"Now?" I chuckled. "In our wolf forms?"

Enzo nodded. He seemed serious, and although I was probably too drunk to run in a straight line and hated leaving my friends behind, the thought of feeling the wind through my fur, even briefly, did sound nice. I nodded silently and let Enzo lead me away, behind the cabins, where we shifted out of sight of our classmates who had forgotten that werewolves existed.

Once we shifted, Enzo shot off into the night like a bolt of lightning. I had a hard time keeping up with him in my drunken state, but I couldn't help but laugh to myself as we went on a mad dash through the woods like two feral creatures. The half-moon above us cast just enough of a glow through the trees to see where I was going, and with my night vision, it was no trouble at all. Finally, I caught up to Enzo and we ran together for a while, looping back and forth and around the trees until we were out of breath.

When we finally stopped, we found ourselves in a small clearing at the top of a shallow hill. As I shifted back, I realized that I recognized this place; it was the same place that I once went to with Luke one

night, many nights ago. We had sat on this very hill and talked, and it was when I realized that Luke was a friend to me.

"Should we head back?" I asked, catching my breath. Enzo was behind me, and so I turned around to face him.

When I did, my eyes widened.

Enzo was behind me, but he wasn't standing. He was down on one knee and he was holding something small in his hand. I felt my heart stop as I looked down at him, taking in his flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. This was no prank; he was proposing to me.

"Nina," Enzo said, his voice low as the sounds of the party echoed through the forest around us, "I don't have any sort of long speech for you. I'm sorry that this isn't more grand, and there aren't candles or flower petals. But tonight, I knew that I couldn't wait any longer—"

"Yes," I blurted out excitedly. I immediately clamped my hand over my mouth and watched as Enzo stifled an incredulous laugh.

"You didn't let me finish," he said, smirking.

"You said that you didn't have a long speech," I replied. I took a few steps toward him, and as the ring in his hand came into view and I saw the stone glittering in the moonlight, I felt tears beginning to well up in my eyes. "And I don't want candles or flower petals or grand gestures. Yes, I want to marry you. That's it." 1

Enzo stared up at me for a few long moments. It felt as though everything else around us fell away, leaving just the two of us floating together in a black void. Only when Enzo suddenly stood and kissed me intensely did I feel as though I was returning to my body, and that was solidified when he firmly took my shaking hand and pushed the ring onto my finger.

For a few moments, I stared teary-eyed down at the beautiful ring on my finger. It was simple, but it was perfect. The stone was a fire opal rather than a diamond, which only made me love it even more.

Suddenly, I heard a particularly loud blare coming from the music down by the bonfire, and that shoved me fully back into my body. Laughing, I threw my arm's around Enzo's neck and kissed him passionately, causing him to stumble backwards out of surprise and fall onto his back, onto the hard ground. He grunted as he fell, and I quickly pushed myself up onto my hands and knees as I straddled him and looked at him worriedly.

"Are you oka—" I began, but was quickly cut off by Enzo grabbing my face and pulling me back down to kiss me again.

We smiled against each other's lips as we kissed. I felt so full of love; it felt as though there was a measuring cup inside of me that was overflowing with love for Enzo, for my mate. It had been that way for some time... But now, we were going to be married and I couldn't be happier.

Neither of us wanted to return to the party just yet. We wanted to be together in the forest, just the two of us. I felt Enzo wrap his arms around me as we kissed and he stood easily, carrying me over to a more thickly wooded area for some privacy. He set me down and hastily pulled his jacket off, then threw it down on the ground to act as a barrier between our skin and the forest floor before he suddenly pushed me up against a tree and began to tear my clothes off.

We fumbled together in the darkness, ripping at each other's clothes like a couple of animals until we both stood naked and out of breath, taking in each other's bodies. The cold winter air bit at my skin, but I didn't care. As a werewolf, it only excited me even more, and as I looked at his chiseled muscles glistening in the moonlight, I felt the wolf stir inside of me.

Enzo, noticing this, grinned and wrapped his arms around me again. We fell onto his jacket together in a pile of warmth and hands, lips and tongues. He laid me down on the ground and pushed my legs

gently apart until the tendons on my inner thighs appeared, and then he began to kiss along my thighs, letting his lips warm my cold skin. When his lips finally traveled inward and lingered on my pussy, I could no longer hold in the gasps and moans that were bubbling up inside my throat. While he licked and kissed me there, I felt my back arch away from the ground, and I tangled my

fingers in his curly hair, pushing him harder into me until I was certain that I would come on his face.

But before I could, he suddenly stopped and moved up between my legs, smirking and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. I felt a sudden filling sensation as he pushed himself in, and together we erupted into a volcano of movement and passion.

Our hot breaths rose into the cold air in little white clouds of steam. During those tender moments, with the moon above us, I felt as though I could stay there with him forever.

As Enzo and I moved together and became one in the forest, I was so happy to not only call him my mate, but also my fiancée.

And when we finally returned to the party and announced our engagement to our friends, all I could see was his smiling face above me with the half moon behind him.

## **Chapter 299**

Chapter 299: Full House

Nina

Weeks passed after the party in the woods. Enzo and I realistically had all of the time in the world to plan our wedding, but neither of us wanted to wait. We planned to have the wedding on New Year's Eve, which only gave us a few weeks to plan, but with the help of our friends and my father, it was possible.

My father hired the best seamstress in the entire werewolf realm to make me a custom wedding gown that was perfectly fitted to my body. When I first saw how the finished product looked on me, I cried huge crocodile tears. Lori and Jessica cried, too, and the three of us hugged tightly. 1

The wedding was to be held in my father's mansion. A few days beforehand, Enzo and I went to the werewolf realm along with our friends, and all of us spent those days in the mansion. My father was happy to have the company, and my friends were excited to roam the halls of a royal castle while we prepared for the wedding.

But something was missing. Something huge, and something that I couldn't bring myself to look past.

My mom – my adoptive mom – and my brother weren't here. They were still in Europe with my aunt, and I wasn't able to get a hold of them no matter how hard I tried. And now it was the morning of my wedding, the morning of New Year's Eve, and I gave up entirely on trying to call my mom. Call after call went to voicemail, and she hadn't answered any of my letters. Maybe she got too caught up in taking care of Taylor, or maybe she was scared of me now that my wolf had emerged. Either way, I just hoped that they were both safe.

Thankfully, during those few weeks my father's troops had successfully dredged out all of the Crescents they could find. The rest of the Crescents scattered. My father found Lewis and Ronan's

father conspiring together, and put both of them in prison in the werewolf realm. Enzo made sure to have a special hand in torturing Lewis for information. So, thankfully, I knew that my mom and my brother hadn't been hurt by the Crescents, because the Crescents were now nothing more than a few tiny factions of rebels who were in hiding.

1

Maybe they really did just want nothing to do with me anymore. So long as they were both healthy and safe, I figured that I could live with that, 1

On the morning of my wedding, however, I felt my heart sink more and more when I should have been excited. Even as Lori and Jessica, my maids of honor, helped me put on my dress, I had to blink back tears because the woman who raised me wasn't there to see it. As I put my veil on, I wished that she was there to put it on for me, and to hug me and tell me that she was proud of her little girl. I wished that I was crying tears of joy instead of tears of sadness.



Suddenly, Jessica took my hand with a smile. Now that I was fully dressed, with my hair in perfect black curls cascading down my back and a delicate necklace around my neck, I really did look like a bride. We looked in the mirror for a few moments, neither of us speaking, as we held each other's hands.

But then, Jessica turned to me and smiled even wider. "Come outside," she said, tugging me along by my hand toward the door. "And close your eyes."

"Why?" I asked, but I closed my eyes anyway while Lori held my shoulders firmly and helped guide me.

"It's a surprise," Lori said. I could hear her smile through my closed eyes." Trust us. You'll love it."

I furrowed my brow, but did as they asked. All of the wedding preparations were done by now, and I was fully dressed and couldn't see Enzo now before the ceremony, so unless they were planning on breaking tradition or surprising me with some small gift, I was a bit confused. I felt them guide me out into the chilly air, then carefully led me down the steps. Once we were at the bottom, I heard the sound of footsteps approaching.

"Okay," Jessica said, letting go of my hand. "Open your eyes."

I slowly cracked my eyes open. As I squinted against the light, two forms approached. Once they came into view, my jaw dropped.

"Mom? Taylor?" I whispered, my voice shaking.

In front of me stood my mother and my brother, both dressed for a wedding in a tuxedo and a dress. My mom had tears in her eyes, and Taylor was smiling, standing straighter and looking healthier than the last time I had seen him.

A sob caught in my throat as I rushed forward and threw my arms around both of them, pulling them in close.

For a long time, the three of us just held each other, crying and laughing. When we finally pulled away, my mother held me at arm's length and looked me up and down.

"You make a beautiful bride," she whispered, wiping her tears away with one hand.

"You're still a dork, though," Taylor chimed in, to which I responded by punching him gently on the arm and laughing.

"Mom," I said, dabbing away my own tears with a handkerchief, "What happened? How did you get here? I've been trying to call you nonstop-"

"I know, honey," my mom interjected with an apologetic look. "And I'm sorry. But this was supposed to be a surprise. Your father asked me not to talk to you until now."

My eyes widened as my mom spoke. "You... You talked to my biological dad?" I whispered.

My mom nodded and a slow smile began to spread across her lips. There was a new brightness to her face, although whether it was from living in Europe or the fact that it was her daughter's wedding day, I couldn't be entirely sure.

Suddenly, Taylor spoke up. "He's invited us to come live here, with him," he blurted out with a wide grin.

Taylor's words made my eyes widen even further. "He- What?" I stammered incredulously.

My mom nodded vigorously. "Your father is even lovelier than I imagined," she said, sounding almost a little sheepish. "He said that Taylor and I could live here as long as we want, and he even has a witch who might be able to help lift your brother's curse. I think he's lonely."

I thought back to my sister's funeral, and nodded slowly. Of course he was lonely; he had lost his wife, his second wife, and his daughter. And despite what the Luna and Selena both did when they were alive, I was certain that it was still heartbreaking.

At least Selena wasn't in control of her actions when she did those horrible things.

But even so, this was a huge mansion for a single man and his servants. And although I didn't want to read into it too much, the way that my mother's eyes sparkled when she talked about my dad made me wonder if there was something else there between them...

Or at least, maybe there could be something between the two of them.

I supposed that I wouldn't mind that so much. But more than anything, I was happier than ever to have my mom and my brother here by my side on my wedding day.

## **Chapter 300**

### **Chapter 300: Marrying My Hockey Alpha**

Nina

"Nina," Jessica called out. "It's time."

I turned to face my friends with a teary-eyed smile. They were right; it was time for the wedding to begin. And now that I had my mom and my brother at my side, I felt happier than ever.

Lori and Jessica led me inside while my mom and Taylor headed around back to take their seats. The wedding was to be held on the back lawn of the mansion, where the seats and the altar were set up. It was a cold day, but I knew that the air would feel good against my skin.

As we stopped in front of the back door that would lead outside to the ceremony, Lori and Jessica turned to face me. They both had tears in their eyes.

"I can't believe this is happening," Jessica said, delicately blotting at her teary eyes with her handkerchief. "My best friend is getting married... And before me, no less."

I half-laughed, half-sobbed at this and pulled both of my friends close for a tight hug. We held each other for a few minutes, crying and rocking each other back and forth.

Finally, Lori and Jessica stepped back.

Lori smirked and reached out to touch my face with her thumb. "You've got mascara on your cheek," she teased, wiping it away from my face. "There. That's better."

"Well?" Jessica asked. "Are you ready?"

I nodded, then took a deep breath.

Suddenly, I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned around to see my father standing there.

"I've only just met you after more than twenty years apart, and now I'm walking you down the aisle," he said with a chuckle. "It's funny how those things work, isn't it?"

I nodded and laughed as well. "I guess so," I said.

My dad paused, then took a deep breath. "I'm sure that your mother and Selena are watching over you today."

"I know they are." I smiled. Lately, I had been seeing flashes of my mom and my sister here and there. I had never been one to believe in ghosts, but lately that had changed. It only happened occasionally, and only for a split second. But I knew that I saw them... Maybe it was an ability of mine. Or maybe it was just wishful thinking.

Either way, I knew that they were there, watching me on my wedding day. And I knew that they had smiles on their faces. Tiffany was there, too.

My dad held his arm out for me and smiled. I looped my arm through his, feeling the strength that emanated out of him, and smiled up at him. We heard the ceremony music begin playing outside.

Lori and Jessica opened the big double doors that led out to the wedding area.

My chest felt tight as I looked out at the crowd. There were so many people there... I didn't even know some of them. I instantly felt myself overcome with an entire host of emotions, but my dad's strength kept me upright, and he patted my hand gently and shot me a warm smile.

'You got this, kiddo,' he whispered.

All of the guests stood, and gasped as they saw me walk down the steps with my dad. But I wasn't looking at any of them; I was only looking straight ahead at Enzo as he stood by the altar with the

hockey team by his side, and with Matt as his Man of Honor.

The bouquet of lilies in my hand shook as my dad began walking me down the aisle. I had to remember what Lori and Jessica told me before, when I was getting ready...

Just breathe, I repeated in my head. Look at your groom, and breathe.

The aisle felt so long, but Enzo's eyes felt so strong as they gazed at me. His gaze was steady like a rock, but I could see the emotion in his face, the wide smile across his lips. He looked so handsome in his white tuxedo, with the winter wind blowing through his curly hair.

Finally, my dad and I stopped in front of the altar. Enzo walked down and bowed to my dad, then took my hand.

I felt my dad's hand squeeze mine, then let go as Enzo led me away.

'You look more beautiful than I ever imagined,' Enzo whispered as we walked up to the altar. 1

I could only blush.

The ceremony began. The priestess gave a beautiful speech about love and marriage, and then it was time for our vows. Luke, who was our ring bearer, smiled as he carried the rings over to us.

Luke said nothing as he held the rings out for us, but as his eyes met mine, I could see a hint of pure joy in his teary gaze. I teared up a little, too, as I remembered how much our friendship had blossomed over the past few months.

"You've grown so much," Luke finally whispered so only I could hear. "I'm glad you're my friend."

I couldn't contain myself. With a tearful laugh, I threw my arms around my friend and hugged him tightly. He stiffened for a moment out of surprise before I felt his arms wrap around me as well. When

we pulled away, we both had tears rolling down our cheeks, and I quickly wiped them away as the crowd looked on endearingly.

Luke looked over at Enzo. Without a word, Enzo reached out and took Luke's shoulder in his hand. He squeezed it tightly, and the two nodded at each other. No words were exchanged, but I knew that nothing needed to be said.

With a deep breath we finally took the rings, and then Enzo and I turned to face each other. Both of our faces must have been red; his sure was, and I could feel the heat in my own face as well.

Enzo cleared his throat, then pulled a little piece of paper out of his pocket and began to read.

"Nina, when I first met you, I knew that you were special," he said.

Already, I was tearing up.

"...But I didn't know that you would be my fated mate. Every day, I can't get over how lucky I am to be one of the few who actually found his fated mate. And to think that I spent three years with you right under my nose, and I was so obsessed with hockey that I didn't even know it."

The crowd chuckled. I laughed as well, and dabbed at my eyes with my handkerchief.

"Anyway," he continued, "I'm not the best at giving speeches. But I just want you to know how much I love you, and how I'll always cherish you until the sun goes out... And probably even after that."

When Enzo was finished, the crowd clapped. I averted my gaze, feeling my face turn red.

"It's your turn," the priestess said quietly.

I cleared my throat, and finally looked up to face Enzo again.

"Um... I'm afraid I didn't write down my vows," I said quietly, feeling my face get even hotter with embarrassment. "But... Enzo, we've been through so much together. I'm

glad to have you by my side, not only as my protector, but also as my partner... And my best friend."

There was a long silence. I felt the weight of Enzo's loving gaze on me, and suddenly, I felt the urge to say more.

"I really do love you like I love the moon in the sky," I whispered. "I'm glad I met you."

Enzo's brown eyes lit up. I felt my chest tighten with pure passion as the priestess smiled, and turned to Enzo.

"Enzo Rivers," she said, "do you take Nina Harper to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

Enzo nodded. "I do," he said. His voice rang clear and true, and carried across the lawn like a soft wind.

The priestess turned to me next. "Nina Harper..."

"I do," I blurted out, before she even finished.

The crowd and the priestess laughed. "Well then," she said, "I pronounce you-"

Suddenly, Enzo grabbed me around the waist and pulled me close. He dipped me low to the ground and kissed me deeply, causing the bouquet of lilies to fall out of my hand and roll down the altar steps before the priestess could even finish her speech.

I smiled against his lips, and felt the cool sensation of fresh snow falling down on our faces.

My dear readers, Thank you for stopping by and reading this story. I hope you enjoyed it. I'm doing my best to provide updates as soon as possible. I would greatly appreciate it if you could explore my other

stories as well. Please consider following my F\*\*\*\*\*k page Eve above story, and joining the group Eves Alphas if you'd like to chat and stay updated on my writing schedule. Furthermore, although Nina and Enzo's story has come to a temporary pause, the tales of Mountainview City are far from over. In the latter half of July, we will continue with the second book of "My Hockey Alpha" right here. You can stay informed about the latest progress by visiting our fan page or group.