

Chapter 3

Ava's POV

What is happening?

I'm nearly being crushed by this giant of a man. He has me pulled against his hard chest, my arms pinned to my sides, my feet off the floor, one of my breasts has fallen off and the other is dangling from my toes. He has one arm wrapped around me, holding me up, and the other is gripping the back of my neck, his face nestled into my hair.

My face is pressed into his chest and I inhale his delicious scent and all I can think is, "mate."

But who is this? Who is this giant man who apparently is my mate? He has to be a part of the Lycan clan, which explains his giant stature and stunningly good looks.

I inhale deeply again. My head feels slightly foggy, like I've had way too much to drink.

I want to look at this stranger's gorgeous face again. I try a little wiggle.

Someone behind us gives a little cough.

He loosens his grip on me and lets me slide down his long, hard muscular body until my feet hit the floor, my body tingling like crazy.

I look up into his gorgeous face and I sway a little. He wraps his giant hands around my waist to steady me and lowers his head to take me in just as much as I am him.

This is my mate? Oh my god! He's the most beautiful man on the planet! Not just a man, a Lycan!

I reach my hand up without thinking and touch his chiseled cheek. Electricity runs through my body and I bite my lip at the sudden desire I'm feeling towards this stranger.

His eyes darken and he pulls me closer.

There's another slightly louder cough behind us and I pull my hand back.

He grabs my hand tightly with his and stands up straight, turns around and looks around the room.

I begrudgingly tear my eyes away from him and follow his gaze.

My eyes fall on Lily, standing just four feet away from us. Her eyes are huge and her mouth is open while she stares at us.

"A...Ava?" Lily stammers as she gawks at us.

"Are you Luna Lily?" My Lycan's voice is deep and sexy. His words are slow and deliberate, authoritative. I feel my knees going weak. His grip on my hand tightens.

Lily closes her mouth and looks at my Lycan. She seems to shake herself awake.

"Yes, yes I'm Luna Lily." She takes a couple of clicking steps towards us with her hand outstretched.

My Lycan looks at her hand and after an embarrassingly (for Lily) long pause, he shakes it.

I've never seen Lily so awestruck, it's definitely the first time I've seen her blush.

"Welcome!" Lily's voice is high pitched.

"Thank you for your hospitality. We will need fifteen beds for the night, the rest of my men will keep patrol around the village overnight."

Lily nods, her mouth open again, a very confused look on her face.

I'm confused as well. Where is King Cameron? I lean forward to look around my new mate to see if I could tell which one he is. Is he even here?

"If someone could show my men to their rooms, I'll have..." He turns to me. "What is your name?"

"Ava." My voice sounds weird, quiet and scratchy, like I haven't actually talked in days.

The man looks at me for a moment. "Ava." He repeats my name and my name has never sounded more beautiful than when this man says it. I never thought of myself as a swooner, but I actually feel like this man is making me swoon.

He turns back to Lily. "I'll let Ava show me to my room." He turns and nods to the other men before turning back to me, raising an eyebrow, and gesturing for me to lead the way.

I glance over at Lily who is still standing in the same spot looking more confused than ever. Her eyes sweep the men around the entrance and back to us, her eyes go huge and she puts her hands over her mouth.

What is her problem?

I turn away, my mate still holding my hand, and make my way to the large staircase down the hall that leads to the visitor's wing.

The way that my mate talked to Lily made it seem like he had some authority, maybe he is a beta or some council member to the king. It's important that I know so I can put him in the right guest room.

As we climb the stairs, I look up at the gorgeous man holding my hand, he's looking back at me. I nearly miss a step.

We make it to the top floor landing and I stop.

"Wha...what's your name?" My voice still sounds small and quiet.

A look of amusement comes across his face. He tilts his head to the side as he looks at me.

"You don't know who I am?"

I'm confused again. Why would I know who he is? Lycan's and werewolves rarely socialize with each other. The elites throw elaborate parties every year for some of the larger and more powerful packs, but our pack has never received an invitation. The only thing we know about the elite's are the things we hear secondhand from other packs.

"I'm...I'm sorry...I've never been North to the elite village..." I trail off awkwardly.

Whoever my new Lycan mate is, he is very intimidating. He looks at me for a few moments longer before speaking.

"I am King Cameron."

Oh my god!!

I instinctively take a step backwards. King Cameron watches me.

"I'm...I'm so sorry...I...I didn't know..." I'm stammering like an idiot. I glance wildly around me. I feel a sudden urge to hide in my embarrassment.

"No need to apologize." He doesn't move, just watches my face.

I can feel my face turning red and I clumsily pull at my dress, noticing the large wet, dark coffee stain for the first time.

No. No! I finally meet my mate and it's a freaking Lycan KING, and I have a huge coffee stain on my dress. I swipe unconsciously at it, and that's when I realize I never put my other shoe back on. Oh my god. I am only wearing one shoe. I nervously go to run my hand through my hair and remember too late it's in a braid, which I can feel I just messed up beyond it's already sloppy state.

So, just to make sure I totally have a grip on my reality right now...

I have just mated to the most stunningly gorgeous Lycan king, and I am standing here with a huge stain on my dress, only wearing one shoe, and God knows what my hair must look like, but we can safely assume, not good!

Oh, and I'm stammering like an idiot.

The urge to escape the situation is overwhelming. I glance towards the stairs.

King Cameron puts his hand under my chin and turns my face towards his.

"I believe you were showing me to my room."

My stomach does a flip at his touch. A mixture of excitement and nerves.

Not trusting myself to speak in coherent words, I nod and take a couple steps towards the guest Alpha suite. I figure it's better to be barefoot than a moron walking around in just one shoe, so I try to discreetly kick off my one shoe as I walk.

It catches on my toe after the first kick, so I quickly kick out my foot harder and the shoe flies off and hits the leg of a side table with a surprisingly loud thud.

I want to die. I don't dare look at King Cameron. I can feel my ears burning with humiliation.

His thumb starts to rub circles on the back of my hand and I feel a wave of desire flow through me.

He leans down and whispers in my ear. "One less thing for me to take off of you later."