

## Chapter 7 - She made it easy

Nicolas POV

Beautiful.

When the unknown she-wolf made her way down the aisles toward the altar, that was the only word that had come to mind. Her warm, rich wildflower scent wafted through the air, filling my insides with lust and adoration.

I have never seen such a beautiful she-wolf before. It left me in awe.

My eyes swept across her awless, petite, toned physique. Although my massive 6'8 frame would easily overshadow her small frame, she would fit perfectly in my protective arms.

I was drawn in like a siren by her gray, storm-clouded eyes. They were calling me to enter the deep, murky waters, where a maze of secrets lay waiting to be discovered. I was driven to pilot that ship, explore every angle, and unravel all the secrets surrounding her.

My c\*\*k twitched at the sight of her plump, rosy lips, and I let out a loud sigh. I could already feel their sultry kisses dancing over my tender skin as my fingers became entangled in her voluminous, jet-black hair.

"You are drooling, Alpha," my Beta and closest friend Ronan said next to me.

I gave a low warning growl out of surprise, and Ronan chuckled into his shirt. "I can't help but notice how you are reacting to her presence," he said, lifting a taunting eyebrow.

With a huff, I rolled my eyes. Ronan's ability to detect even the smallest shift in my mood was something I hated.

"Who is that she-wolf?" I asked, hoping to shake off the lustful thoughts, and fortunately Ronan had not given me time to read the letter he had given me before coming here. I just found out that we had to go to an important mating ceremony after returning from a business trip.

"Her name is Zara Silverwood," he said. "She is the sole heir to the Silverado Pack and the daughter of Alpha Rico and Luna Rita."

"A silver wolf," I muttered to myself. That explained why the ceremony was so large.

Silver wolves are goddess-blessed wolves. The chosen packs were blessed with different special abilities and were given a unique silver mark to set them apart. It was a warning to rogues and other creatures to stay clear.

"Interesting," I said, putting my arms across my chest. A she-wolf becoming the Alpha and leader of a blessed pack was an uncommon occurrence.

"Totally," Ronan replied. "She has selected her Beta to become her mate."

That took me by surprise even more, and I furrowed my brows in discomfort at that fact.

My eyes shifted to the chosen mate, observing him positioned at the altar, adjusting his clothes.

"He seems a little anxious," I remarked.

Ronan agreed with a simple nod of the head.

"I have been watching him," he replied. "He seems to be very uncomfortable about this mating ceremony."

"But?" I asked.

I had a feeling that Ronan had already gone and asked questions about the soon-to-be mated pair.

"One of the pack warriors told me that Beta Levi knows the future Luna very well," he replied.

"As though they are best friends?" I asked, furrowing my eyebrows together. That was an interesting fact. I wonder why she would take her Beta as a mate and not an Alpha.

"Yes," he replied. "And to top that off, the mating arrangements were made in a hurry."

Why would she do that?

Was she pregnant?

I hurriedly slid down from my chair as Zara suddenly glanced up with a slight tilt of her head and her eyes ickering between black and silver. I guess her wolf must have scented me and was now aware of my presence.

"Why are you acting so weirdly?" Ronan huffed next to me.

I pulled myself back up in my chair, rolled my eyes at him, and crossed my arms around my waist.

Why was Ronan so focused on me today? Was I really behaving so strangely?

"You better tell him," Ray, my wolf, suggested. "He can help."

Ray was right. At least, by telling Ronan, he could keep me out of trouble.

"Because, my friend," I said. "My second chance mate is that she-wolf over there who is getting mated today."

I never imagined that I would actually say those words aloud. It sounded so right, yet so wrong.

My hand immediately moved to my top inner left pocket, where tucked away safely was an old picture of my fated mate, Isabella. I have kept her picture with me at all times as a constant reminder to myself to never forget her or that awful day.

I sighed.

Isabella was perfect in every way. She was full of sunshine and warmth, and her smile could drive away the rain. She would dance through the pack house, greeting and chatting with the members as she took care of their needs, her gorgeous golden locks always swaying around her face.

Her large, stunning blue-green eyes were constantly beaming with joy and vitality. The pack loved her dearly. She was amazing; she was wise and kind.

The only flaw Isabella had was that she was gifted with an Omega wolf. But that didn't keep me from claiming her as mine. I loved her the moment I laid eyes on her.

My body felt as though an electric current had been sent through it, and my heart prickled in my chest. I can still feel the raw pain of losing her that night.

Tears welled up behind my eyes, burning to be released. Isabella passed away while giving birth. Our son died with his mother.

That was our curse—only strong, ranked wolves could bear an Alpha pup.

I blinked the tears back, shaking my head to get rid of the sorrowful thoughts.

"That is fantastic!" An excited Ronan cried out. "Go and end the proceedings. We need to take our Luna home."

I shook my head.

"I am unable to!" I replied.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because of—"

"What?" Zara's beta lashed out, cutting me off and stopping the proceedings.

A smile appeared on my lips. She must have told him her little secret.

Which confused me. Why would she tell him?

"What just happened?" Ronan asked, confusingly turning his attention back to the proceedings.

"I believe my mate has just told her chosen mate that I am observing the events," I retorted, sitting back in my seat.

"They seemed to be in a heated argument," he commented. "Why can't I shake the feeling that this whole ceremony is wrong?"

"That is not something I can answer," I replied. "She was distracted the moment she entered."

"And you are the reason for that," he commented, turning to glare back at me.

"I might have been," I shrugged.

Ronan shook his head, and a smile followed at the corners of my lips.

"Stop being an asshole," he growled. "And go claim your mate. She is standing right there."

"I am incapable of doing that," I said, pointing to her as she stood at the altar and continued with the ceremony. "Her decision has been made. She desires to be mated with her Beta."

"But have you already made up your mind?" He asked, disbelief crossing his eyes.

"She made it easy," I answered. "Besides, it doesn't matter."

"Come on, Nic!" Ronan hissed. "Isabella has been gone for three, four..."

"Five!" I cut him off. "It's been five years."

Ronan released a breath, shaking his head.

"You know, Nic, my sister would want you to be happy again," he said, his eyes pleading.

"She is not Isabella," I growled.

"Fair enough," he remarked, putting up his hands defensively. "However, let me remind you that finding your second chance mate is rare. There must be a reason why the goddess paired you two."

"Like the reason why she paired me and Isabella?" I snapped. "And now she is gone. She and my son."

Ronan ran a hand over his face and sighed deeply. The death of his sister hurt him just as deeply as it did me.

"It is no secret that Isabella was sick," Ronan said. "The doctor informed you about her health issues."

"If only I had not gotten her pregnant," I muttered angrily. "She might still have been..."

"The illness would have eventually consumed her," he snapped, cutting me off. "Now stop blaming yourself, grow some balls, and go get your mate before they decide to mark each other."

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