

## Chapter 7 - New Beginnings

### Marissa

I woke up this morning to my cell phone ringing. They had confiscated my old one when I was arrested at the pack house. I was able to go to the nearest kiosk store and buy another one to transfer my contacts to it. In the short time I had been incarcerated, I had contacted my attorney. He's an on again o again lover of mine. It is him calling.

I slip out from underneath a sleeping Remington. Wrapping a sheet around myself, I collect my clothes from the floor and go into the ensuite bathroom. "Hello?" I whisper.

"Hey, Love. How are you this morning?" Bradley's sexy voice vibrates over the line.

"Bradley." I purr. "Do you have an update for me?" Sitting on the closed toilet, I stretch and yawn.

"I do." He drawls. "I saw on the news that you escaped from the prison."

"Technically, I was broke out. The place had been blown apart, Bradley, and I wasn't about to hang around. It was too dangerous."

"Yeah, okay. Anyway, I spoke to the prosecutor's office, and they don't want to deal with your case. They said it might set a precedent." He snickers. "Reading between the lines, too many of those in power here in the city don't want their little playhouses messed up. Technically, it is against the law to tamper with a mate bond. You simply had consensual sex with a mated male. They have dropped your case."

"You are freaking kidding me?" I laugh. "That's great news!"

"The only thing you have to do is turn yourself in at headquarters." He disclosed. "I can meet you there, so you can be processed out."

"Bradley, you are the best." I coo.

"Then we get a room and grab a bite to eat at the motel next door." He promises.

"Bradley, you are a naughty boy." I taunt. "Sounds like fun. I will see you in about an hour?"

"Make it 30 minutes. I am anxious to see you again." He says thirstily into the phone, his voice tinged with lust.

I take a quick shower and dress. As I walk from the bathroom, Remington is now awake. "Where are you going?" He leers at me, pulling the sheet back to invite me back into the bed.

Remington is nice, but I need to get this taken care of and pay my attorney's fees. I giggle to myself.

"Oooh, babe. I would love to, but I have just found out that my case has been dropped. So I need to go by headquarters to get processed out."

"That's great news." Remington presses. "We are heading out to the country estate later this afternoon. You can join us then."

"I got your number. I will let you know how it goes." I pick up my cell phone to see that my Uber is nearly here. "See ya later." I kiss his cheek. He swipes for me, but I dodge. "Later." I tease.

### Miles

I feel like a creeper. Ever since Paisley has returned, I can't seem to keep her out of my mind. It's been around a week, and she is back to her teaching job. Alpha Stone moved her out of my place and into a secluded cabin to herself out in the woods. When I'm not on duty, I am up here on the mountainside overlooking her cabin. I watch her as she comes home and prepares her evening meal. I watch her sit and grade papers or do lesson plans as I have seen her do so often this past year, when we lived together. I watch as she cleans her little cabin. Right before I have to leave to do perimeter checks with our enforcers, I watch her curl up in the bed alone, her shoulders shaking as she sobs. I know she cries for me, her mate. I miss her touch, the feel of her skin, her kisses. I need to be near her. But I broke her heart and her trust in the most terrible way. I can't even defend myself. Despite what it did to her, despite my guilt, I love Marissa too. I always have. I don't know how to break that connection with Marissa. I don't know that I won't do it again if Marissa gets out and comes back for me.

As Paisley lies down and turns off the light, I stalk closer to her cabin. Just feet from her open window, I stop. Leaning up against an oak tree, I inhale that sweet scent of wildflowers and honey. I hear her so crying as she sobs into her pillow. She does it every night. I am powerless to change it. Sighing, I stand and head out to relieve Knight from his duty.

### Knight

I know Paisley is my second chance mate, and I am hers. As soon as she spoke the words releasing her bond from Miles, I felt it snap into place. I have never heard of that happening before. I admit, when she kissed me, prior to breaking her mate bond, I felt a tug towards her. Not as strong as a mate bond pull, but a warmth, a longing. Then, when she broke her bond to Miles and I walked in that room afterward, the second chance bond snapped into place, and I felt connected to her. I could see she felt it, too.

I knew she had been through the wringer for the past week or so with Miles's drama, so I didn't force anything on her. She is overwhelmed, so I need to let her settle and process everything.

Fortunately, Miles has left her alone, and she just sticks to her job and her cabin, occasionally coming by the pack house for meals. But Miles is stalking her, and I have to admit, I guess I am too. I do my perimeter checks, and then Miles takes over. It is then that I go to her cabin to protect and keep her safe. I can hear her wrenching sobs as I get closer. The enticing smell of wildflowers and honey makes me almost lose myself. I want to comfort her. To enfold her in my arms and make all the hurt go away as only I can do as her mate. I know her bond with Miles is broken, but when you love someone, it doesn't just stop. I can try to heal her heart if she will allow it.

The first night, after our kiss, I began watching over her. It was then I saw Miles walking away from her cabin. I can smell that he has prowled around her house, and the odor is fresh every night. I always spray myself with scent neutralizer, so I don't activate his territorial hormones over Paisley. I just have to be patient, and I can be for her.

Paisley, a special she-wolf with a gentle, childlike nature, is adored by everyone in the pack for her kindness and sweetness. Miles and Marissa have earned the pack's disgust due to their mistreatment of Paisley, though they have support from a few drama-loving wolves.

I curl up under Paisley's open window to get as close to her as I possibly can. I know that being close to your mate is soothing. I want to be able to soothe her tears. Within a few minutes, her crying has quieted.

It is then that I raise up and look into her window. Her so blonde hair is splayed across the pillows. A moonbeam is shining right across her beautiful face. I ache to caress her tear-stained cheek and place a tender kiss on her sweet mouth. As I take in her lovely countenance, I notice her eyes are open, and she is staring at me.

"Knight?"

"I'm sorry, Paisley. I-I didn't mean to scare you."

"You didn't scare me. I feel when you are near me." She says so ly. "It feels good when you are around."

I place my hands on the window screen. "I'm glad, Paisley. It makes me happy to be near you as well. I just didn't want to overwhelm you or cause you any pain."

"Will you hold me?" She pleads.

I nod quickly. How blessed I am that this tender-hearted female is my mate. Without hesitation, I remove the screen from her window and climb through it. After fixing the screen back, I turn to Paisley and cuddle her into my chest. The mate bond is flaring between us as sparks course between our bodies. She makes these cute little sighing noises as she curves into me, placing her head on my chest. She wraps her arms around my torso. Within minutes, I hear her so snores.

Peppering her head with light kisses, I close my eyes and hum with contentment, knowing that at least tonight, I can ease her pain. I want to ensure that she is always safe and happy.

In the stillness, as I lay next to her, I tenderly brush her hair from her face, my heart bursting with love. I whisper words of comfort to her sleeping form, promising to never leave her side, through thick or thin. Knowing that I can bring her this level of contentment and peace fills me.